WEEK ENDING MAY 23 1925

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In this Issue: A FLYER'S SENSATION SEVEN MILES HIGH

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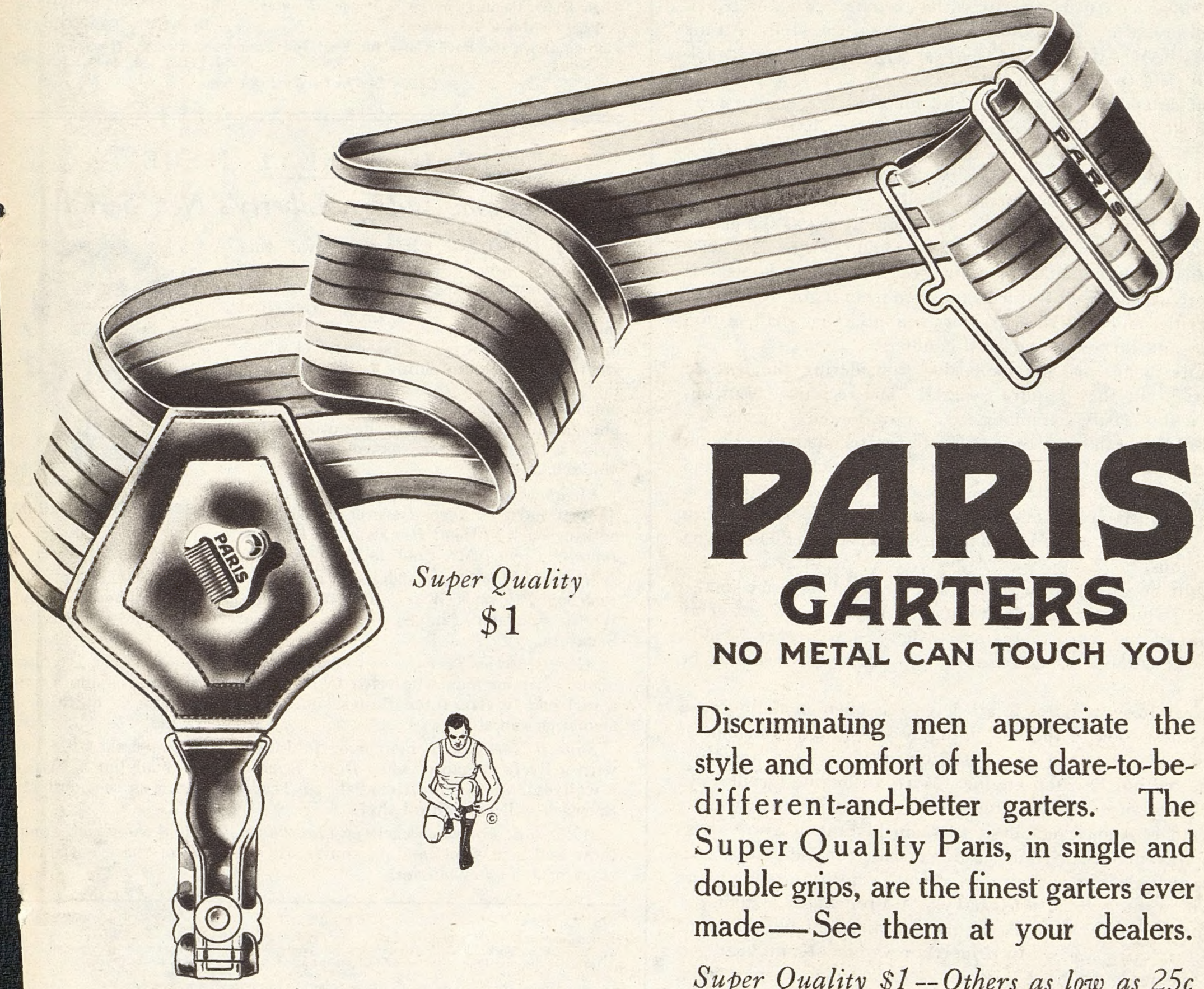

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MAY 23, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE THIRD GATE—THE AIR

The fortress now has three gates. One approach is by water. One is by land. The new one is by air.

Wherever there is an approach there must be a defense if the walls are to be held. It is useless to hold two gates if the enemy is coming in unopposed by the third. The deadly attack is one in an undefended quarter against an exposed flank.

The unguarded American gate is the air gate. A water attack is met on the water. A land attack is met on the land. An air attack must be met in the air. The best way to meet any attack is before it gets to your own land.

Nelson defended England, not by meeting the enemy near the British shores as the Spanish armada was met, but by getting action at Trafalgar. The American defense against an air attack ought not to be over New York City or San Francisco. In the latter case it ought to be a defense out of Hawaii or even out of Guam. In the former it ought to be as far out at sea as the planes and the navy and the navy plane carriers could operate. No wise nation plans to defend itself by air, sea or land at home. It endeavors to defend itself as far as possible from its own territory so that its cities and rural districts not even in victory shall sustain the injuries and carry the marks of conflict.

As units planes are not expensive, considering the cost of war material, but they require experts. The technical branches of war are not easily extemporized. A nation in a hurry for technical soldiers can't get them. Pilots are technicians. Flying is a science of war. An air attack would be a quick one. A land attack on our shores might be a slow one. The transport is a problem. Infantry recruits can be hurried into shape, but a neglected air force cannot be summoned from the fields or even from the shops.

It might be called from an air reserve used in peace in the post office. The future of commercial aviation is uncertain at least. That of the mails ought not to be. In whatever fashion obtained, the American defense of the third gate should be provided.

American backwardness in air defense is phenomenal because Americans first took to the air. Langley was the first airman of modern times, just ahead of the successful plane, and he failed because he did not have an engine. With an engine Orville and Wilbur Wright succeeded. Langley had wings and no power.

Aviation is American, but it was quickly taken away from America. The genius of America flowers for the individual. An Englishman will be content with a sixteenth century heating plant but he will want a 1925, plus, navy. A Frenchman will use a charcoal brazier and climb six flights of stairs, but he will want 2,500 military airplanes. An American wants steam heat, oil burners, electric devices, vacuum cleaners, and marvelous automata of every kind in his normal life and then, because normal life is all he ordinarily knows, he stops thinking and needing.

He needs air defense whether he thinks of it or not.

IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Geoffrey John of Amiens. *A vivid reminiscence of the Great War, and of a hero unawares*.....By WALTER DAVENPORT	5
Telephone Girl, Dancer, and Millions. *The story of a Broadway beauty's eventful rise to riches*.....By BRENDA UELAND	9
Real Baseball. *A poem*.....By ARTHUR GUITERMAN	10
The Spider and the Flyer. *Beginning a two-part tale of adventure in the sky*.....By WILLIAM S. FORMAN	12
Touching the Earth's Ceiling. *What an airman sees and feels seven miles up*.....By LIEUT. JOHN A. MACREADY	17
Rats! *A hilarious episode from a dog's life, as narrated in Trub's Diary*.....By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE	21
Behind the Scenes at the White House. *Concluding a series on the Coolidges at home*.....By WINIFRED MALLON	23
Will the Cities Revolt? *Second article on a disturbing possibility in American government*.....By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING	29
The Slide Trombone. *A lively short story of love and baseball*.....By W. O. McGEEHAN	33
$500 a Week for Limericks. *The winners and another chance*.....	39
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 29.....	39
The Unforgivable Sin. *Final installment of a serial of golden youth and its headlong quest of happiness*.....By KATHLEEN NORRIS	40
John L. Sullivan: Down to Defeat. *Part ten of the story of a famous career*.....By JOE DORNEY and SID SUTHERLAND	44
$50,000 for an Idea for a Story. *Liberty's newest and greatest contest*.....	47
Pretty Beach Frocks Easily Made at Home. *Patterns*.....By PATRICIA	49
High Tones, Painted Fabrics in Vogue. *Fashions*....By CORINNE LOWE	51
A Page of Movie Reviews.....By ALVA TAYLOR	52
Cutting Down the Food Costs for Fuel and Energy Nutrients. *Household hints*.....By ETHEL M. SOMERS	54

Cover Design by Ruth Eastman

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Madame Judas—Liberty's New Serial

A MURDER trial; a crowd that strains to hear every word; two lawyers in combat—and the prisoner's guilt put to the test by a kiss, right there in the courtroom! That is the dramatic climax of a new mystery novel which starts next week, unfolding a series of amazing situations in the hunt for a daring poisoner. *Margaret Turnbull*, widely known novelist and playwright, is the author. The title—a significant one, as you'll learn—is *Madame Judas*.

© Pirie MacDonald
ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Elisabeth Cobb Chapman, true to her sex, finds it hard to keep a secret. She holds nothing back in *What His Family Thinks of Irvin S. Cobb*. Mr. Cobb is likely to be surprised when he reads it.

Hazel Lee Johnson, also, tells a secret or two in *Reflections of a Baseball Pitcher's Wife*. The pitcher in the case is her husband, Walter Johnson, famous star of the world champion Washington Senators.

Albert Payson Terhune contributes a sparkling love story, *Penance*, about a young man who tried to run a bank without cuspidors. So a girl had to straighten things out; which, of course, is quite as it should be—in stories.

Samuel Spewack, a newcomer in Liberty's pages, makes his bow with a lively romance called *Boris Buys a Rose*, involving a Prince, a waitress, and a Traditionalist. A Traditionalist, you see—but Mr. Spewack will explain all that.

William S. Forman's exciting tale, *The Spider and the Flyer*, comes to an end next week, and, of course, there's more of the eventful life story of *John L. Sullivan*.

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Geoffrey John *of* Amiens

There's a Smile—and a Tear—in This True Story of "Muddling Through" to the Victoria Cross

By Walter Davenport

Pictures by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

"But really, I don't know a blessed thing about sniping, observation, scouting, or patrolling."

I MAY now write with conscious freedom the little I know about Geoffrey John Fox. It would have been impossible while his mother lived. She, great lady, would not have asked me not to write this story; she would not have asked any favor of anybody. I saw her but once, and then only a little while, in her gloomy old house in London.

I had gone seeking him to show that I had taken quite seriously his invitation to call if I should come to England. For some reason I do not seem to be able to isolate I asked for him without apprehension, and the sensible-looking woman servant said:

"Would you care to see his mother?"

"When I arrived in France in the army," I explained to his mother, "six or eight of us American noncommissioned officers were sent to St. Omer for training. He was our instructor."

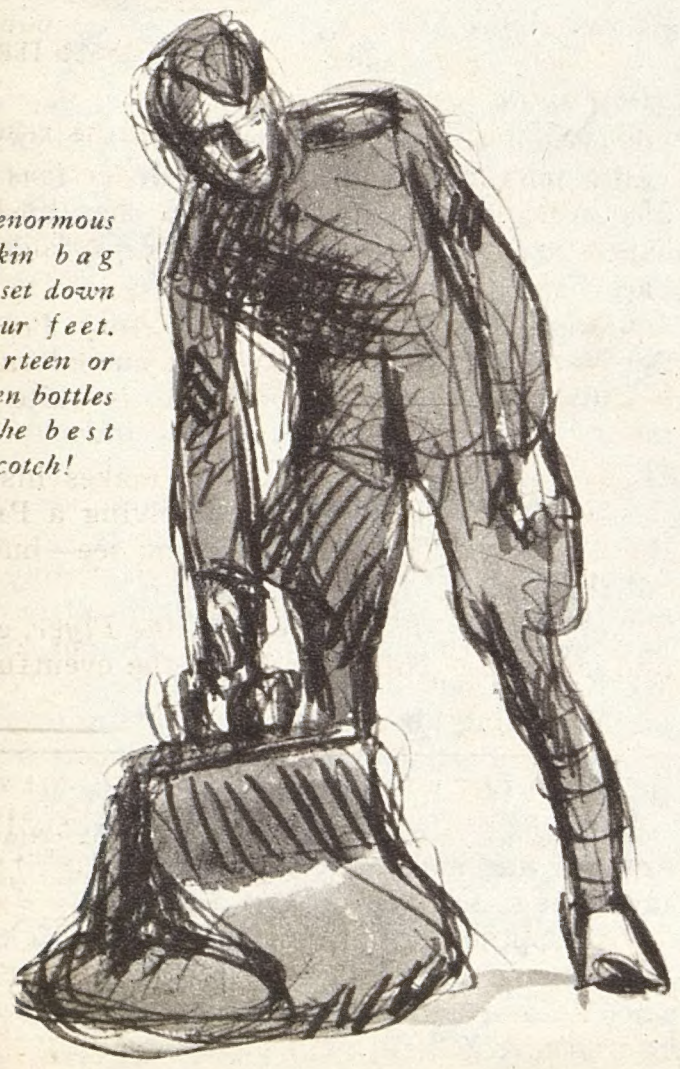
Her smile was small and gentle.

She probably saw him as an instructor as I saw him.

"See here," he had said when we reported to him. "See here. They came to me, and said, 'See here, a few Americans are coming in tomorrow to be instructed in sniping, observation, scouting, patrolling, and all that sort of thing. Just take them, will you, and tell them about it?'

"I said, 'Right-o,' and here we are, you see. But really, I don't know a blessed thing about sniping, observation, scouting, or patrolling. It really doesn't make a bit of difference. If I had said, 'See here, I can't, really, because, damn it, I don't know a little bit about sniping, observation, scouting, and patrolling,' they would have said, 'Oh, very well, there are some more Yanks coming in day after tomorrow to be instructed in machine gunnery. Take them, like a good fellow, won't you?' And, damn it, I should have been quite as badly off, because, really, I don't know anything at all about machine guns except that they are enormous nuisances, you know.

"So I just said, 'Right-o,' and here, as I say, we are. I am quite sure I shall not be able to answer any questions, but I sha'n't mind a little bit if you ask them, really."



An enormous pigskin bag was set down at our feet. Fourteen or fifteen bottles of the best Scotch!

THAT is the sort of an instructor he was.

His mother probably knew he was like that, so she smiled.

"I didn't know, of course," I limped on. "We scattered after those ten days. I went down to the American sector on the Marne. I wrote to him, but got no answer. I thought, perhaps, the letter was lost or that he was too busy. It didn't occur to me—I am afraid I was stupid."

"He was killed at Amiens," she said, almost briskly. "I am afraid he found it all a fearful bother."

He was a lieutenant in a London regiment—in which one I don't remember. My own mind was in no condition to retain, at that time especially, ever-abhorrent statistical data.

He was somewhat older than the majority of men holding equal rank—perhaps thirty-two or thirty-three. He was more than six feet tall, but how much could only be guessed at, because the business of assuming the physical position of a soldier just didn't appeal to him.

His build, posture, and even his gait suggested the gnarled main stem of an old ivy vine. We used to wonder what genius possessed his tailor who could build about so rambling a figure the perfect uniforms he wore. He had beautiful, impractical hands, which had, however, great physical strength. You noticed them. And he had the coolest, the most honest, the most fearless blue eyes—clear, direct, friendly. We, new in France and naturally a bit absurd in our eagerness (born of ignorance), amused him. I can see that now. We must have been just a little difficult, a trifle flamboyant, although you could hardly blame us for it. He didn't.

He was just decent without having to make any effort to be so. I am quite sure he didn't hate anybody or any people. Just didn't, that's all. Probably it had never occurred to him to demonstrate any particular emotion. When he died he probably did so with the regret that

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his passing out should be attended by a scene. He disliked scenes.

"Nothing quite so demoralizing, is there?" he observed the first day we sat at his classes. "Wars are rather silly at best, but for the life of me I can't understand why they should be forever attended by ghastly scenes. Of course you know all about it, coming out three thousand miles. It is three thousand miles, isn't it? Seems to me some Johnny was telling me it was three thousand miles.

"FEARFUL bally-hoo. Yes, it must have been quite unnerving for you chaps coming out. Had to cross the ocean, and all that, didn't you? Full of submarines and this and that, according to the damned newspapers. Coming out from England, you know, is really nothing at all. Not at all, really. You take the train at Victoria Station, and in absolutely no time they have you popped aboard a channel transport, and really, before you know it, here you are, you know. Quite nothing.

"But, even so, the women raise the very devil. Quite all right, I dare say, but one hates it, doesn't one? Women in England raise a frightful row every time a troop train leaves. That's why I say it must have been quite shocking when you chaps left the States to come away out here. Women are bound to do it, quite bound. Even one's mother. And one can do absolutely nothing about it.

"I know precisely how you feel, you know. I was at tea or something in my mother's house when somebody or other popped in and said that there was a war. After tea or whatever it was I went down to see about it. Newspapers full of it. I joined up, you know, and in no time at all they told me to run on over to France with my regiment, because they discovered in some way or other that I had been in the army in Africa.

"'Well, see you later, mother,' I said, or something of the sort.

"'Quite so,' she said. 'Good-by, my boy. And—and—I say, my boy——'

"'Certainly, mother,' I said, fearfully afraid that she would—you know.

"'Just be British, my son,' she said.

"Just that sort of thing, as I was saying. Fearfully touching, but fancy how such scenes unnerve one. Curious about women. Are any of you chaps from St. Paul, now?"

We were sitting on a brief terrace, facing Geoffrey John, who stood slantingly at ease, lightly lashing his shining boots with his cane. He had a habit of scratching the angle of his strong jaw—a sort of monkey scratch—and as he talked he concentrated his impersonal gaze upon us individually. First one of us, then another, until he had taken stock of the looks of all of us.

No, none of us had come from St. Paul.

"It is quite all right," he assured us. "I should like just to meet some chap from St. Paul. I have an uncle who went out to the States years ago. Settled in St. Paul. You'd be sure to know him. Filthiest old chap, really. Couldn't possibly miss him. Queer old muffin. Absolutely. Bound to know him if you were in St. Paul.

"I hope you are not going to loathe me altogether for taking up your time, but after all, here we are, aren't we? And, really, we must talk about something or other. And you won't, after all, miss a thing, because there is absolutely nothing to this silly subject—oh, yes—sniping and patrolling, and the rest of it. You will probably be horribly disappointed in the whole war. I was.

"It isn't at all what the newspaper and poster and orator johnnies say back home; it really isn't, you know. Not half as serious. Just messy and, I should say, a damned nuisance. Just can't escape being bored to death back home. Much better out here—oh, much. Johnnies back in England forever talking about No Man's Land and what not. Can't go into a club or a music hall or whatever without having the damned wash talked and sung at you.

"Quite absurd, you know, because, really, it is anybody's land. All one needs to do is to have it. Nobody really wants it. Silly no end to want it. Not worth a damn after you have it. Germans had it and got out of it. We English had it and found there was absolutely nothing about it worth crowing over, so to speak. Perhaps you chaps can make something of it. Damned inventive people, you Americans. Always taking hold of something or other and making it work. You don't mind my saying, now, do you?

"I suppose it can't be helped, but, after all, the damned war demoralizes one. I have an uncle, for example, who for years and years has been a general or something of the sort.

WHEN he died he probably did so with the regret that his passing out should be attended by a scene.

Never knew a saner man. Rarely said a word after two in the afternoon. Had nothing to talk about, you know. Lived in Surrey. Now the old boy is like a damned gramophone. Full of slogans and what not. Makes speeches here and there. King and country no end, and all that sort of thing. Probably break his heart after the war thinking about it. Fine old chap, but like all the rest of us, you know. Quite upset by the war and all that. Are there any questions you chaps would like to ask?"

ONE of us Americans who knew cricket, having played it at Haverford College, asked for information about the batting and bowling of Doctor Grace, C. B. Fry, Prince Ranjitsinhji, and Richard Pilling, who, the rest of us gathered, were to cricket what Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, and Tris Speaker are to baseball.

"Extraordinary thing, now," sighed Geoffrey John Fox, "but you know more about the game than I, really. One gives up whole weeks to cricket, and after having thoroughly trounced one's opponent or being thoroughly trounced, as I say, one says to one's opponent, 'That was a rare googlie you caught me leg before now, wasn't it?' 'I dare say,' says one's opponent. 'When was that?' 'Oh,' you say, 'really, I can't remember. Tuesday, what? Or was it Wednesday?' 'Quite so,' says one's opponent, 'quite so.'

"And you know perfectly well he hasn't the slightest recollection of it, and after a while you remember that it was not he, after all, but some other chap. Rather silly, don't you think? Are you dying? Are there any other questions?"

Not a word about sniping, observation, scouting, or patrolling that day. Nor any day of the ten.

"Do you know," he began on the second day, "it is going to be the very devil if I have to give you an examination in this sniping and what not? What? The chances are, of course, there will be no test whatever, but what a devil of a fix we would be in, to be sure. Really, the only thing to do, you know, would be for me to ask you questions and for you to give me some answer or other. I'm sure I shouldn't know whether you were right or wrong.

"At the beginning of the war all of us were frightfully upset about it, because, after all, we were quite unprepared, strange as it may seem. For a long while—oh, months and months, I should say—Kitchener or some such chap was raising the very devil about this and that. I can't recall the whole mess, but he must have been quite right, because we really were quite—quite—well, amateurish, you understand.

"For example, we had need, for one thing, of some high trajectory high explosive, or whatever they are. The Germans had it. The minenwerfer. Ghastly thing. Pops up here, spins end over end, and drops there with a fearful clatter. Remarkable things. I was rather curious, to be sure. There I was in a bayou. A friend of mine, from Nottingham, I think it was, an uncommonly fine chap. Damned good friends we were. Name was Thornton or Welsh, or something or other like that.

"The old chap was in the next bayou, so to speak, and over came one of the absurd things, whir-r-r-ring; you know, like a damned musical top. Whir-r-r-rp. Whir-r-r-rp. Whir-r-r-rp. Understand? It fell into the old fellow's bayou, and I said, 'Dear me, this is most extraordinary. Over with you, Foxy, and Welsh or Thornton, or whatever his name is, will tell you just what the foolish thing is like. What?'

"I WAS inexpressibly shocked, of course. The lad was dead—oh, quite. You know, one becomes frightfully cold about such things out here if one permits it. One may be poking about with one's pal, and the first thing one knows some German johnny ruins one's chances of knowing his pal, or whatever you choose to call him, any better. Pop. Pop. Pop-pop. What?

"I had forgot to tell you when we—ah—assembled today that I shan't have the smallest objection to any question you would care to ask me. It is rather silly, isn't it, to ask questions when you know perfectly well I should not have the answer ready to pop at you? But please be free to ask me, and I am sure we shall be splendid friends after all.

"You know, at the beginning of the war we English were, as I say, quite unprepared, and all that sort of thing. It is so damned difficult to get an Englishman to prepare for anything. He just won't do it, that's all. 'Look here,' he will say, 'what if I do all this nonsense and nothing happens? I shall look like an ass. What?' No, it is quite true. The Englishman hates to get ready, really. And, as I say, we weren't.

"Of course, most of the things one hears about the Germans is twitter—really, mere twitter. But he was quite ready. Smart chap, too, the German. Oh, very. Knows everything. The British War Office hopped around gathering up an army to back up the old Contemptibles, you know, and had no trouble at all getting the men. But no officers. That was the silliest thing of all, you know. No officers. Must have officers.

"So they made any old biscuit an officer. There was one chap, I recall. A tea merchant, or whatever it was, and he went to the War Office, and said, 'I say, I should like enormously to be a major or something. My family, and all that, you know.' And the johnny at the War Office said, 'Right-o,' and out he came with troops.

"Extraordinary crumpet. Had an enormous amount of luggage. Had a great sword in his traps, and damned if he did not take the blessed thing into the trenches with him. Marvelous. He was told to go over, or whatever

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it was, and told to wait until he received notice. But a queer blighter. Crawled out to the parapet, quite alone, you know, and got up to his feet, and, waving his great sword, shrieked, 'On men, for king and country,' or some such thing, and instantly he was shot in an enormous number of places—oh, twenty, I should say.

"Served him quite right, I dare say. Should have waited. Probably thinking of being gazetted. Probably hoping for an earldom. Really blessed nonsense. If, permit me to suggest, any of you has fetched a sword along, pay no further attention to it. Tell me, how long have you chaps been in uniform?"

We told him it was just about a year.

"Oh, my hat," he exclaimed in surprise. "Then you are quite veterans, aren't you, now? Oh, this is really splendid. You know every day here we receive new troops who find themselves in France a fortnight or so after they have been hooked, you know, by some recruiting sergeant or other. Haven't the most remote idea what it's all about.

"Major came to me only last night, and said, 'See here, Foxy, how are you getting on with those Americans?' 'Oh, famously, of course,' I said. 'See here,' he said, 'cut it out for an hour tomorrow afternoon, won't you, like a good fellow, and help me look over a new lot of recruits and the like?' 'Right-o,' I said. 'The Americans will be no end glad.'

"Beastly nuisance, to be sure, but I had better run along and do it. I shouldn't mind at all, really, if you trotted along with me. Rather good idea, too. Give you chaps an idea what frightful greenhorns we are feeding to the Germans. Of course, you can run along anywhere you please, for all of me. But I should love to have you pile along and look our new men over, or whatever you choose to call it."

THREE of us followed in the wake of the askew Geoffrey John until we had arrived at the middle of the parade, where about a hundred rather doleful Englishmen, of all ages between eighteen and forty-five, stood in two marcel waves.

"This isn't all of them, by any means," explained Lieutenant Geoffrey John. "Oh, by no means. No end of them tucked away somewhere here. Really can't poke into any barracks without seeing them. Frightfully new. Really should get rifles for them. I say [this to the new men nearest him], haven't you rifles or ammunition, or anything of the sort?"

A muffled "Nuzzir" saddened him.

"Probably will have them, though, I dare say," he sighed. A fine sergeant major appeared at the far end of the undulation of humanity. Here was a soldier! He came to a precipitate halt, six paces from Geoffrey John, hurled his chest, shoulders, and head up and back with the convulsive movement of a man shot in the throat, and saluted viciously.

"I find them in splendid condition—zur."

"Excellent, I'm sure," applauded the lieutenant. "Really, then, there isn't a thing for me to do, is there? You find them in splendid condition and I find you in splendid condition. Let me see. No, there is really nothing I can say, except, Carry on, sergeant major; carry on, thank you."

The sergeant major was still stony and apparently petrified. He waited for some final word of dismissal. Geoffrey John had not moved up or down or nearer the now even more rippling line of recruits. And then:

"Oh, I say, sergeant major. It really makes no difference, perhaps, but tell me. Who is that chap on the end there? I hate to indicate him, you know. Frightfully embarrassing to be pointed out. What?"

"Name's Gunn, sir," snapped the sergeant major, without a moment's hesitation. "Gunn, William James. Twenty-nine years of age. Father, William; Birmingham. Never under arms before."

Geoffrey John was lashing his boot in evident agitation.

"'Str'ordinary, most," he said. We did not, of course, know whether he was referring to the sergeant major's remarkable knowledge of the recruits or to William James Gunn of Birmingham.

"'Pon my word, sergeant major, I can't say that I have ever seen a more extraordinary looking man. I give you my word."

"Yezzir," sizzed the sergeant major.

It sounded to me like Alice in Wonderland, and I whispered so to Sergeant Clarke, one of us three Americans present at the inspection. Geoffrey John turned toward us.

"Don't you agree with me, just?" he demanded. "Do you mind telling me? Have you ever seen a more extraordinary looking person? You don't mind, do you?"

"Well, honestly, sir, I can't see——" I began.

"What rot, sergeant," he said. "You are just being polite, I should say. 'Pon my word. Most extraordinary looking man in Europe."

I said nothing. I couldn't see anything very remarkable in the appearance of William James Gunn of Birmingham. He did look a trifle disinterested.

"Why," continued Geoffrey John. "The man's magnificent. Quite asleep on his feet. What? Toddled out here. Told to halt, or whatever it was, and popped off to a nap. Standing quite still, too. Extraordinary. Sergeant major, please ask him how it is done, won't you? Oh, not now, not now. Good Lord! I wouldn't for the world break in on a chap while he is hitting the downy. Never. And one more thing, sergeant major. I'm off. I'll toddle along now, you know. Carry on, like a good fellow, won't you, sergeant major?"

And Geoffrey John toddled off, having inspected William James Gunn of Birmingham, and muttering:

"'Pon my word. 'Pon my word. 'Pon my word."

We Americans were quartered in the British sergeant's mess and almost every day Geoffrey John solicitously inquired for our comfort and convenience. One afternoon, about a week after our arrival in St. Omer, he singled out two of us, saying:

"See here, won't you, I shan't mind a bit—Oh, not at all—if you tell me you simply can't, but would you chaps mind carrying a bag for me? Frightful to ask you as if you were a lot of batmen or something of the sort, what?"

"Sure, Lieutenant," said Sergeant Burke. "Where's the bag?"

"Awfully good of you, you know," cried Geoffrey John. "Quite marvelous country, America. If it wouldn't be too much trouble would you mind, now, cantering along with me?"

At the door of the officers' club he stopped.

"Look here, damn it. You just can't come into this silly club at all. You just can't, that's all. Frightfully dull place. Oh, frightfully. I give you my word, it is quite the dullest place in Europe, with no end of silly majors and generals popping in and popping out and all that sort of thing.

"But you can't come into the filthy hole because, you know, it's an officers' club and discipline or something or other is against fraternalism and all that sort of wash between officers and the enlisted personnel. You probably wouldn't come in if you could. But, bless my soul, I can go in and here I go, you know."

A FEW minutes later he reappeared followed by two orderlies carrying an enormous pigskin bag. It was set down at our feet.

"Take it, won't you, like good fellows," murmured Geoffrey John. "Take it to your mess, please, won't you? And if it isn't too damn much trouble, you know, can't I have the bag again? It is quite all right. Not necessary at all. Too much trouble, just forget it. Really shan't need the bag at all. Thanks a lot. Sorry."

Fourteen or fifteen bottles of the best Scotch ever turned out of Perth!

In the week that followed Geoffrey John talked of his tailor, his bootmaker, Lord Brampton's cousin's bright daughter, Egypt, South Africa, trench feet, Georges Carpentier and Bombardier Wells, Oscar Wilde, a German family named Schilling, the frightful rigors of stamp collecting, the utter absurdity of fighting anybody, the extraordinary scandal which befell a cousin of his who was vicar in a Cornwall parish and the inability of any nation to produce omelettes as well as the French. There were other subjects, of course, but I don't remember them at this writing. But not one word about sniping or scouting or patrolling or observation. . . .

"At Amiens," his mother said. "He was able to tell another officer to assure me that it was quite all right.

"'Just drop in at my mother's for tea or something or other one day like a good fellow, won't you? Just drop in, you know, and tell her, if it isn't too much trouble, that it's quite all right, really.'"

I tried the War Office. The courteous gentleman who had asked me to be seated for a few moments came back much sooner than I had expected.

"You asked about Lieutenant Geoffrey John Fox, V. C., sir?"

"Yes. But I didn't know about the Victoria Cross."

"Yes, sir. Victoria Cross. Amiens, sir."

THE END

Life Lines and Love Lines

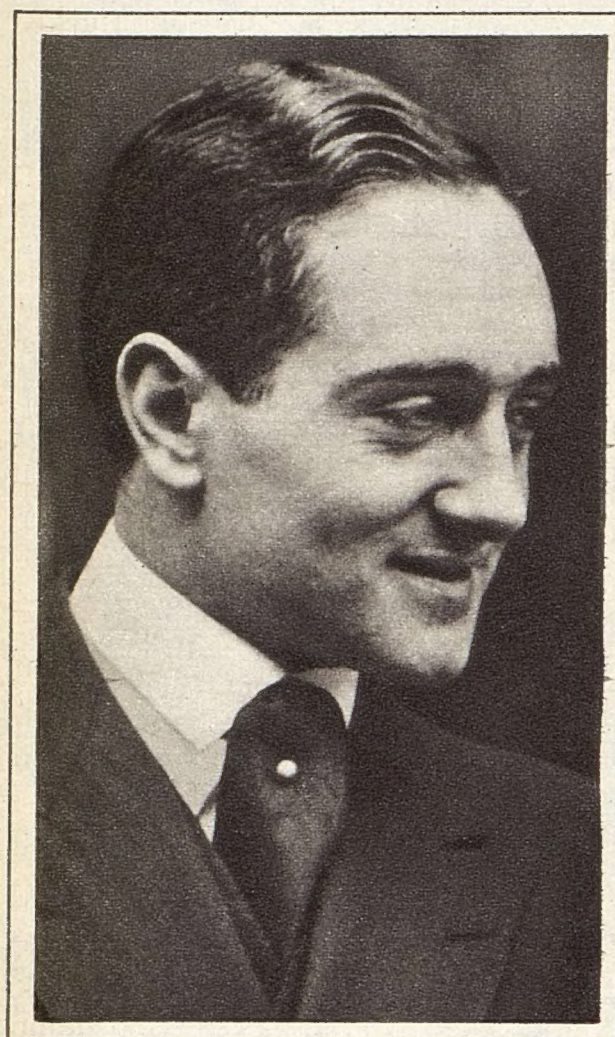
THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

WHAT do you know about the Six Types of Hands, the names of the fingers, and the significance they are said to have in your life? Thyra Samter Winslow has been prying into all this fascinating lore of palmistry, and has come to the conclusion that—well, she wishes she knew whether she believes in it or not. You will be interested in her sprightly and illuminating excursion into the "science" of the little wandering lines. Watch for

Your Hand Tells Your History

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Telephone Girl, Dancer, *and* Millions



Int. Photo

The groom—Don Carlos Ortiz Basualdo.

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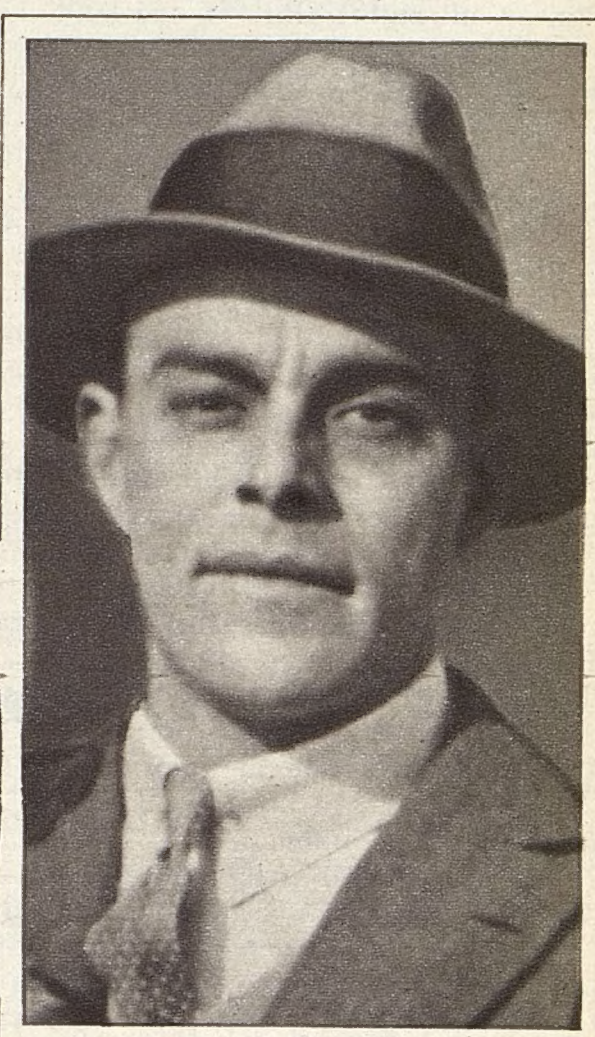

Int. Photo

The dancer—Maurice Mouvet.

At the left: The bride—Leonora Hughes, heroine of one of the world's most meteoric rises to fame under the tutelage of Maurice Mouvet.

The True Story of Leonora Hughes, Broadway's Most Famous Cinderella

By Brenda Ueland

IN 1914 the professional dancing man at Murray's in New York City realized that if he could only find a sufficiently bewitching partner he and she might become rich and famous. So he was always looking.

On New Year's Eve there came to Murray's a pretty girl with a dazzling smile. Since it was New Year's, everybody felt cordially inclined toward everybody else. The dancing man smiled at the pretty girl, and she smiled back.

"Then," said the dancing man, "I asked her to dance with me, which she did. I found out all about her. She was sixteen and Irish. Her father was dead and her mother had seven children. She was a telephone girl, working for a Brooklyn concern, earning twelve dollars a week.

"Well, I asked her if she wouldn't be my professional dancing partner.

"'Oh,' she said, 'my mother would never let me do that!'

"'Well,' I said, 'bring your mother over to see me. I'm not a bad man, and perhaps I can persuade her.'

"Her mother turned out to be a stout, overworked woman who knew nothing about restaurants except that she believed they were wicked places. But, just the same, the mother liked me. Finally she gave her consent."

So Leonora Hughes was launched. As for the dancing man, his subsequent career has been almost as unusual and remunerative as hers. He is now rich.

"But after a while," he said, "Yale and Harvard boys began to fall in love with my pretty dancing partner, and, being young and irresponsible, she'd be late almost every night. I scolded her, but the effects were not lasting. One day she didn't turn up at all. So I had to hire another girl.

"As for Leonora's dancing, in all her movements there was a darling awkwardness—like a little girl."

A few months afterward Leonora Hughes began dancing at the McAlpin Hotel, in New York, with Donald Crane. He says of her:

"She never makes the same mistake twice. But, most important, she has something in her that makes her like high-class people. Another girl, moving through the same career, would have attached to herself a lot of—well, ordinary persons, to say the least.

"When we were dancing at the McAlpin, Leonora had only one evening dress. It was all she could afford. So, twice a week, she and her older sister made over that dress. They changed it all over and made it into something entirely different each time. And yet she always looked as chic as a French countess."

Four years later Leonora Hughes met Maurice Mouvet, considered by many as the greatest of all dancing men.

"When I first saw her," said Maurice, "I was dancing at the Biltmore with Florence Walton." He then explained how he had been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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married to Florence Walton for seven years and then divorced.

"I let her divorce me," he said, parenthetically. "But why not? *Madame*, it is life. Life! Life! *La vie complêtement*. . . . But, as I was saying, I was at the Biltmore with Florence Walton when Leonora came in with some friends. One of the men came up to me and said, 'Maurice, I have a wonderful little girl here. Will you dance with her?'

"'Well,' I said, 'if she is a wonderful little dancer, all right. But, if she isn't, I tell you right now I want to go.' Because I was tired and didn't enjoy sitting there with my former wife's next husband only a few yards away.

"I danced with her. Her technique was poor. But I knew I had found something. Three weeks later we danced together in public in London.

"I can't tell you how I worked over that girl. I made her, I tell you. She was nothing then. She was getting fifty dollars a week." Maurice began to stride up and down.

"Leonora Hughes," he said, bitterly, wheeling and scowling and looking more like Mussolini than ever. "For five months I worked with that girl, teaching her technique. That was what ruined my health. Remember how for nineteen days I was at death's door? It was in all the papers."

WHETHER it was due to Maurice's tutelage or not, in London and Paris Leonora Hughes immediately sprang into fame. She and Maurice received more acclamation than any other dancing couple in Europe. And when several months later the little Brooklyn hoofer returned to America, with her were four large trunks full of pretty clothes and jewels, valued, it was said, at more than one hundred thousand dollars.

Leonora didn't declare these, and the trunks were held up by the customs officers. But she explained very prettily that she had neglected to declare them because she was returning immediately to Europe.

"I just wanted to show them to my mother," she said.

She also said at this time:

"My dancing at the McAlpin before I went abroad did not attract much attention. In fact, it was almost a secret. You see, French and English girls aren't so pretty as Americans. The reason they made a fuss over me must be because in the kingdom of the blind a one-eyed man is king."

Before Leonora returned to Europe her career became fabulously romantic. King Alfonso of Spain himself took a fancy to her.

Leonora was dancing with Maurice at the Royal Casino in Biarritz. King Alfonso frequented the place.

"He isn't particularly good looking," said Leonora in describing the King of Spain, "but he's cute."

One night a note was brought to her, written on the back of a menu card.

"His Majesty," it read, "requests the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Hughes."

"Naturally," Leonora explained, "I accepted, because being nice to kings and millionaires is a part of my business. I have no scruples about sparing a smile for royalty, when I wouldn't give a look to a tourist from Oklahoma. Well, he thought I was nice. Now, what else? Here's where I've got to try and be modest. Anyway, he gave me flowers and things."

Last November Maurice and Leonora returned to New York to dance at the Trocadero Club. Everything went well for about three months. And then came the third act—the culmination of the romance of Leonora Hughes and of Maurice's tragedy.

ON the night of February 25, 1925, Leonora danced as usual with Maurice at the Trocadero. She wore on her finger a blazing diamond, a present from a young man named Carlos Ortiz Basualdo. But there was nothing in this to make Maurice apprehensive. Leonora was a delightful girl and worthy of a diamond ring. And Basualdo's income was said to be eight thousand dollars a week.

"She was very tired that night," said Maurice, "and I did everything for her. I called up her mother and told her I would bring her home myself."

And then, the next morning, poor Maurice!

"Somebody," he groaned, "telephoned to me—a complete stranger—and said Leonora was going to be married to Basualdo that very morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Leonora! Leonora! How could she do that to me!"

The ceremony was to be held at eleven. Maurice was there. He was fifteen minutes early. Then came Leonora and Basualdo and their small wedding party. The priest intoned the service. At that Maurice could bear it no longer. He clapped his handkerchief to his eyes. His sobbing was not drowned even by the deep notes of the organ.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Leonora hurried over to Maurice and put her hand on his shoulder. Then she, too, broke down, and they wept together.

This scene caused such a stir among onlookers, reporters and other spectators, that the wedding party became uneasy. They tried to lead the weeping Leonora away. But she made Maurice accompany her, and the two went down the solemn, dim nave of the cathedral clinging to each other and crying.

Then, on the street, in the face of the bewildered young Basualdo, Maurice very adroitly climbed into a limousine with Leonora. Basualdo, looking as uneasy as a cat in a bird store, had to follow in a taxicab. However, he found his bride again at the Grand Central Station. The two boarded the train to Chicago on their leisurely way to South America, and Maurice was left disconsolate.

Two weeks later found Maurice more dejected than ever. He arose wearily at noon. His valet brought a tray of tea into his sitting room and set it on a carved table. And then Maurice went in to his breakfast with weariness and bitterness in his face.

The telephone was ringing. It was always an applicant for Leonora's job.

"How old are you? . . . Are you dark? . . . Sorry, *madame;* I must have a blonde." Then, throwing up his hands with regal impatience, "Ah, these women! These women! I'd like to throw them all into the East River."

"Maurice, were you in love with Leonora Hughes?"

"NO, I was not. She is not my type. The night when we sailed for our first European engagement there was a real blizzard. We went to the steamship in a taxi. I remember it cost forty dollars just to go down to the pier, it was such a storm. We were sitting in the dining salon waiting for Leonora's mother to come over from Brooklyn. And I said, 'Lee, I want to tell you something: there is never going to be any love between us. Do you understand? I have been married for seven years, and that's enough. I don't like it.'"

"Well, why, then, did you cry at her wedding?"

"Cry? Who wouldn't cry? Because she didn't tell me before. She said she didn't tell me so as to spare my feelings. Well, why didn't she tell me a month before? Then I would have had time to get a new partner. We had a contract at the Trocadero for about eighty-four thousand dollars for twenty-four weeks. Look, here is a check I have just written her for the last two weeks. [It was for three thousand, three hundred and ninety dollars.] Can you blame me for crying? And if you knew how hard it is to get a partner! They're all punk! Terrible!"

"Was she ever in love with you?"

"No. She likes only Spaniards. And, besides, I shall never marry again. Never! To be free. Free!" And he took a few strides back and forth, and each time he came toward me his face settled, so that I knew he was looking at himself in the mirror. "I shall never marry again. Never! It hurts an artist with his public."

"How long will Leonora be married?" I asked.

Maurice gave his shoulders an expressive shrug.

But for a more intimate description of Leonora Hughes it was necessary to ask others about her.

Leonora dresses unobtrusively but at the utmost expense, like a Park Avenue debutante.

Despite the fact that she has been taken up by fashionable people, she has never kept her family in the background or evinced the slightest embarrassment for the fact that she once was a telephone girl.

Real Baseball

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Our center field had golden locks,
Our left was short and fat,
And Hal was in the pitcher's box
And George behind the bat.

We took the field without a word,
And grim was every face,
With Bob at first and Will at third
And me at second base.

Among the green New Hampshire hills
Of forests then unhewn,
We played that game of countless thrills
Through all the afternoon.

Until against the azure sky
Arose a mighty shout!
'Twas I who gripped that arching fly
And put the last man out!

And still where gallant deeds are done
I tell the tale anew:
Our rivals' score was thirty-one
And ours was fifty-two!

She has done much for her family. She bought her mother a handsome house in Flushing. Once they lived in discomfort and poverty—so many of them, all in a little thin-walled shack.

As for Basualdo, he is twenty-six, Leonora's own age. He is an Argentine and his family is one of the four richest in South America—the Rockefellers or Vanderbilts of that continent. He is very handsome. His father is Spanish, but his mother is Scotch-Irish. So, although he is black-haired and swarthy, his eyes are blue, startlingly blue. And, say the ladies who have met him, their craving for romance thereby quite fulfilled, he has long, thick black eyelashes. He is short and sturdy. And he doesn't dance very well.

P. & A. Photo

At the left—Leonora Hughes with Maurice on their return from a series of dazzling European triumphs.

Int. Photo

Leonora the comforter—consoling Maurice in St. Patrick's Cathedral, after her marriage to Carlos Basualdo.

In speaking of Leonora's talent for clothes, Donald Crane said:

"Even when she was poor, her clothes were fastidious, flawless. She always wore slippers that were brand new, perfect. She never yet has danced in a slipper with a frayed heel. Her sense of style is such that hundreds of women have imitated her—for example, her way of wearing an orchid on one shoulder."

But for all her wealth and romance, Leonora's career had its uncomfortable beginnings. You would know that if you could see Maurice trying out an applicant for her job. I saw this ordeal one afternoon in the darkened supper room of the Trocadero. Only the dance floor was lighted. A fat man played the piano divinely, a tender muted waltz, over and over again. The girl had pale tan hair and a large, red mouth. She was slim as an eel. She wore no dress; only her tan silk bloomers and silk stockings and a red silk pajama jacket. She would dance around to the music, waving her long, thin arms to this side and that. Maurice, in his shirt sleeves, looked on gloomily.

"All right. *Allons,*" he said when she slackened. "Waltz! Julie. Waltz."

Suddenly Maurice stamped with fury.

"STOP!" he trumpeted. "Julie, can't you see you're all out of tempo?"

"For God's sake," he said, "don't do this!" And he burlesqued her cruelly. "Now, look. We will do it together. Come on, Angel. Loose. Loose. Your little body," he said, tenderly, "is like a steel. . . . ONE-two-three. . . ."

JULIE rested, wiped her brow with a lace handkerchief, and drank a glass of water daintily.

"Come, Julie, do your stretching exercises, Angel," said Maurice. He put two chairs with their backs toward each other in the middle of the dance floor. Julie stood between them, grasping each chair back with a hand. Maurice stood behind her. Julie pointed a slim leg forward and then, keeping it stiff, passed it over the chair back until her leg pointed out backward. Maurice took the leg in his hands in as matter of fact a way as a grocer handles a crate of turnips, and then pushed it up in the air until it was at a fine Flying Mercury angle, and Julie squeaked with pain.

The stretching exercises continued until Julie's knees gave way.

"All right, Julie. Rest. Now, look, Julie. Look. This is what I taught Leonora. Now I am a broken flower." The pianist played sad music and Maurice came down the floor a slow step at a time. His hands were crossed on his breast. His head was sunk to one side and his lids half covered his opaque eyes. "You see? Now, together. ONE-two-three. ONE-two-three. Look at me as though you loved me. That is technique." He stopped suddenly and glared at her.

"My God, Julie. Haven't you a beau?"

"Uh-huh," she said.

"Well, then, when you do that, think of him. . . . Now alone, Julie. Waltz."

Maurice regarded the girl's gyrations for a long time. He grew more cynical, more bitter. Julie's hair was wet on her forehead. She was pale with fatigue. Then she would remember to smile and so drew her lips back in anguish. Maurice's silence became so menacing that she weakened, and at length came to a stop and looked at him in dread. There was a long silence. He began to speak; an ominous voice like the voice of God.

"This," he said, holding out both palms, "of all the hundreds of women, is the only one who is the least bit like Leonora. . . . And, my God, look at her!"

He didn't take Julie. Eventually he chose Barbara Bennett, who is Richard Bennett's daughter. She is very young and pretty and graceful. But she is dark. Where in all this world is to be found the blonde perfection of Leonora?

THE END

"YOU get back into your balloon and get off of my farm," he says to Jerry.

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

The SPIDER and the

By WILLIAM S. FORMAN

IN TWO PARTS—*PART I*

OLD TOM PEABODY'S place? You're on the wrong road, young man. You can see Tom's farmhouse from my back yard, but you'll never get through to it this way; not in any automobile, you won't. The sheriff tried it during all that excitement over the Peabody girl last week, and he hasn't got his car back yet. That's on account of the quicksand down there in the bottoms.

Yes, sir; you'll have to drive back about three mile to the Forks and then take the other road; the one marked Wheatonville.

A glass of milk? Come right in; glad to fix you up. Dump that cat off that rocking chair there and set down and take some responsibility off your feet. I've been marooned here on the porch all morning, stove up with my rheumatism and hoping divine Providence would send along somebody I could talk to.

You're another one of them Chicago newspaper reporters, I expect? I thought so. We've been having quite an epidemic of hell-raising around here lately. I'm sixty-five years old, and in all my thirty years' strenuous service on the bench as a justice of the peace I've never seen anything to equal it.

Mobs and posses, honest men and thieves, heroes and heroines, not to mention an airplane falling out of the skies and burning up like you'd start a bonfire in your back yard; and me picking up a pearl necklace worth a fortune and nearly getting my fool head shot off. We even had an elopement on our hands.

You see all them holes in the porch railing right there beside your chair? Bullet holes. Yes, sir! Bullet holes, fired right into a man's front porch in the State of Illinois in broad daylight.

And reporters! It simply rained reporters and cameras around here for a week. I'm so expert in literature now I can spot a reporter as far as I can see one, though you had me fooled for a minute when you asked for milk. You're a Sunday feature writer? Well, I wouldn't doubt that, either.

The Peabody girl? Illinois never produced a finer one. You might state in your article

FLYER

A Headlong Tale of a Young Man Who Fell 2,000 Feet for a Girl

that I've knowed Virginia Peabody ever since she was old enough to set straddle of a grasshopper. After her Ma died, between then and the time Tom sent her away to that school in Chicago, my second and third wives practically raised Virginia.

The aviator? Well, I never met him until the day he lost control of his flying machine and got me all tangled up in a brand new Civil War. Of course, I see many a mail plane pass over my place, because we're on the air mail route between Chicago and Omaha; but I never see one of the pilots at close range until this one named Jerry comes tumbling out of the clouds one day and just misses wrecking my barn by a miracle. That's the way he met Virginia Peabody. It seems when these aviators fall for a girl they fall hard. This one fell about two thousand feet.

And if old Tom Peabody had sense enough to drive frogs to water, he'd have realized from the beginning that it was useless to try to fight this romance between Virginia and Jerry. But Tom's stubborn theories concerning his daughter Virginia is what started all this hell popping in the first place.

THE night before Virginia was due to come home from that school in Chicago Tom comes over to my house with a gallon jug of what he calls his Triple Apricot, a home-made beverage calculated to make you swallow your gold teeth; and he sets here on the porch and keeps me up till past nine o'clock, expounding his theories.

"Sometimes I'm inclined to think I'd be a lot better off if my Creator had provided me with a son, instead of a daughter," he says. "Next to a widow woman, a young, growing girl is the biggest mystery on earth; college ones especial. In fact, the general run of girls nowadays are not my idea of being a girl at all, and they fall considerable short of being a boy; so what are they?"

"What are you talking about?" I inquire.

"I'm talking about these young girls nowadays that calls themselves flappers, running wild, with all their hair cut off and showing so much legs you never know whether they're wearing skirts and shirtwaists or just shirtwaists. Times sure have changed in regards to legs. When I was a young man we used to have to set around and pray for a wind.

"But I'll have none of this short hair and similar forms of flapping in my family. I've

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE other plane dips down after him like a hawk after a chicken.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

wrote my convictions concerning such matters to Virginia as plain as I could put them into reading and writing. She's been in Chicago going on two years now, and that's a kind of a disturbing thought. I've talked to people which knows all about Chicago. Fertilizer salesmen tell me the flappers there—and the old ones worse than the young—flap around night and day all painted up like a new picket fence; and, you can believe it or not, they shave their arms and neck."

"And when you issue your orders to Virginia in the matter of rouge and raiment," I remark, "along about the time the show-down comes you're liable to need some help. I know Virginia."

"Leave it to me," says Tom. "In the Peabody establishment what old man Peabody says goes."

Virginia arrives at the farm the next afternoon; and it seems to me I hear distant rumblings of a riot. It's one of the days I'm handicapped considerable by my rheumatism; but I manage to hobble over to the Peabody place to say howdy to Virginia in time to get in on the tail end of the controversy. Sure enough, Virginia has come home with practically no hair on her at all; and Tom has dropped everything else and lit into her.

She listens until he kind of runs out of adjectives and adverbs and things like that, and then she takes her turn at bat; and the way she stands there and elucidates her position in this matter makes the old man's whiskers stand out like a whisk broom.

"If you've finally run out of gas, I'll tell one," Virginia says. "The trouble with you is that you've all been entombed down here in this Valley of the Kings until you've been dead longer than Methusaleh ever was alive. If you think I've come back to the tall uncut to put on carpet slippers and tie my hair in a knot you'd better take a correspondence course in second guessing."

"No flapper female can talk to *me* that way!" roars Tom. He's always got a temper that fires up like a blast furnace. "I'll take you acrost my knee and fix you so you won't set down for a week."

Virginia looks at me and winks.

"You try it once, old man Legree's son Simon," she says, "and I'll show you how the present generation handles refractory parents. That's our first lesson in gymnasium classes nowadays."

Tom opens his mouth, but can't seem to think of anything important to say; so he weaves over to the cupboard and reaches for his Triple Apricot, and I know he's licked.

"Zowie!" says Virginia. "That's taking a pot on a pair of deuces. Father means all right, but he lacks diplomacy. As crowning proof of that, he tells me that in his leisure moments, having nothing more important to attend to, he picked out a husband for me."

"A husband?" I says. This is news to me.

"Nothing less. A home-grown product, too; probably the one that took first prize for eligibles at the last county fair. You know that tall, perpendicular Gillespie absurdity that lives over west of Wheatonville? The father raises apples; but the only crop the son had succeeded in producing the last time I saw him was one record-breaking Adam's apple."

"Zenas Gillespie's son Bud," I says. "I know him well."

"The same," says Virginia.

TOM takes another drink and makes one more attempt to reassemble his shattered lines, but a good deal of his customary fire and positiveness is gone.

"There's no more marriageable a young man in Illinois than Bud Gillespie," he says. "Any girl that would refuse him in matrimony ought to have her head examined. His Pa is an expert orchard man, worth a hundred thousand dollars if he's worth a cent, always votes the straight Republican ticket, and is an all-around good citizen. And like father, like son."

"Right-o," says Virginia. "If I were compelled by law to marry into that family I'd pick the father. He's about due to die, anyway."

"There is no use working ourselves into a lather talking about it before company," says Tom, looking around kind of helplesslike. "I got my chores to do; so for the time being we'll postpone this discussion."

"You tell 'em we'll postpone it," says Virginia. "We'll adjourn it *sine die*."

And then comes the knickers! What's your attitude on the question of women folks wearing pants, young man? I happen to be present the first time Tom sees Virginia wearing them. Without a word of warning she comes out into the yard where Tom and me are setting arguing about this and that; and while she's no blood kin of mine and I am therefore not responsible legally for anything she may do, I confess I get a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach when I see her calmly walking around that yard in boy's clothes.

Tom takes one look and makes a sudden motion, like you'd make if somebody snuck up behind you and fired off a pistol.

"Pants!" he gasps. "A female Peabody wearing britches!"

"Right-o," says Virginia. "It's a cinch some member of this family's got to wear

them." And she goes coolly on about her business.

"Every once in a while I think I'm out of my mind," Tom explains to me, "and seeing things which in all probability don't exist at all."

But in the light of what happens around here later on, all these matters I've mentioned is child's play. If you step back behind my house I can show you the straw stack over there on Tom's place—you can see it plain from our back porch—where Jerry and his government mail plane lit that day; it's maybe a month after Virginia comes home.

Well, this day I'm driving to town in a wagon, cussing the dust and the flies, and I hear the hum of a motor up above. She's a mail plane; and just as I glance up the sound of the motor stops. Just goes dead all of a sudden.

As he explains to me later, when I get to know him personal, when his engine freezes thataway it's up to Jerry to either make a parachute leap or stick to his mail and ease her down the best he can, maybe breaking his neck and maybe not. Being young and optimistic, he stays aboard; and he picks him out a straw stack and shoots for it.

I KISS my barn good-by, for it looks like a certainty he'll hit it and take it right along with him. But he don't. He makes a quick turn and goes hell bent into that straw stack headfirst, with Tom Peabody, Virginia Peabody, and yours truly making for the same stack on the run from three different directions.

Old Tom is the last to arrive, he having farthest to go and never being notorious for speed. And by the time he gets there, panting and snorting, he finds Virginia setting on the ground with the flyer's head in her lap; and for a few minutes it looks like it's a toss-up whether he's dead or alive.

Finally he opens his eyes and takes a look at Virginia, and then he opens them wider still; for I tell you, young man, she's as pretty as two-dollar wheat. He settles back into her arms and says:

"This is the first really pleasant dream I've had since I've been in the mail service."

"You mustn't presume to speak to me until we've been properly introduced," says Virginia. "I'm Virginia Peabody, R. F. D. No. 3, Wheatonville, Rock Creek County, Illinois; and I'm famous for my promptness in answering letters. And who are you?"

"My name is Jerry."

"Jerry what?"

He kind of heaves a sigh.

"My last name is Jones."

"Of course it is," says Virginia, looking around at me and nodding. "The guy's name is Jones, and he invented farm sausages."

"There isn't any reason why I should stall about it," says Jerry. "It's a solemn fact. Here on my deathbed I swear it. My name is Jones, and you can take it or leave it."

"What do you mean 'take it'? How do you get that way?"

"I mean what I say. I fell for you at first glance, sister."

"I'll say you did," says Virginia. "Fell right out of a clear sky, as one might say. And I maintain that any egg that can start a flirtation after falling two thousand feet in an airplane is a he-man, with wool where ordinary folks have feathers."

"Flirtation?" says Jerry. "This is no flirtation. This is one authentic case of love at first sight, as sure as my name is Jones."

MEANWHILE old Tom is standing there pop-eyed, taking all this in and trying to translate it into something he can comprehend. Finally he concludes his triple entente with the two Gillespies is developing some more flaws. He goes up to the house and comes stomping back with a shotgun.

"You get back into your balloon and get off of my farm," he says to Jerry. "Any mail carrier that comes fooling around my daughter has got to be the rural free delivery kind that travels on the ground, like a human. Get up and get the hell out of here, before I fill you full of buckshot."

But I expect any young man with nerve enough to make his living driving airplanes is not exactly scared to death at the sight of a gun. Jerry looks old Tom over and laughs.

"Easy with the blunderbuss, Squire," he says. "It's hardly ever necessary to blow us mail pilots off the earth with a cannon; we usually manage to get off under our own

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"No flapper female can talk to ME that way!" roars Tom.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

power. And now you two able-bodied saps rally round here and help me to get into the air again. This is the second time I've been late, and the Omaha office will begin to think I'm a ham."

So that's the way this tumultuous romance between Jerry Jones and Virginia Peabody had its inception and got its start, although I confess I failed to recognize it as a bona fide love affair at the time. What's your attitude on this proposition of love at first sight, young man? Myself, I never considered it practical.

Well, be that as it may, Virginia comes fluttering over to my house one evening, all dressed up in women's clothes and looking as pretty as red paint on a roof, and informs me that she has decided to let me do her a favor.

"You see, Judge," she says, "Jerry and I are having a little difficulty preserving the sacred privacy of our somewhat lurid correspondence. Father has developed a disease for opening some of my letters before I do; and certain of my Jerry's favorite phrases simply drive father insane. But we've figured out a way to avoid all that.

"From now on Jerry's going to drop his letters from his plane; and, to avoid complications and frothings of the mouth in the Peabody menage, he's going to aim his letters at your house instead of mine. It's perfectly simple and no trouble at all. Why, all you've got to do is go out and pick them up and hide them somewhere for me, and I'll come along and collect them when the titular head of the house of Peabody is looking the other way. Are you for me or against me?"

"Virginia," I says, "how in the world do you know you love this man who you hardly know what he looks like with his puttees off?"

What's your percentage of victories in arguments with women, young man? About the same as mine, I expect. We go in singing with the sheer joy of living, and we emerge looking like a cat that's been thrown into a pond.

So, when I finally consent to lend a hand in this clandestine correspondence Virginia swarms all over me and kisses me square in the mouth. And, you can say what you please, I've done worse things and got less for it.

IT'S maybe two-three weeks after Jerry and Virginia have established their branch postoffice in my back yard when this surprising series of adventures comes tumbling down on our heads like a crock off a shelf; and, in theory, their aerial correspondence is as simple as two-handed casino.

Jerry drops his letters tied to toy parachutes and weighted with a piece of lead, and I pick them up and hide them under a milk can in the old sod house, where I put butter and such perishables to keep cool; and Virginia comes whistling along and picks these letters off at leisure.

Well, one day the two Gillespies came driving over to see me about that forty I own over near their place, which old Zenas has been trying to swindle me out of that forty acres for the last ten years and we haven't closed it up yet. I expects he brings the boy Bud along on this occasion to kind of show him off, because, through some strange oversight on somebody's part, Bud has just been appointed a deputy sheriff; and Zenas is swelling around like a peacock.

"Only been in politics about a month and already 'pinted a deputy sheriff," says Zenas as we all set down on the porch. "This boy's coming fast; he'll be a Governor of the State in less time than it takes to tell about it. Show him your star, Bud."

As I size up these two I can't hardly blame Virginia Peabody for being reluctant to rush headlong into matrimony with either one. I expect old Zenas is sound at heart and means well enough, which you could say the same of a grasshopper; but he has his weaknesses.

One of his outstanding drawbacks is a malady he calls spasms of his tear ducts, with a habit of starting to weep when you'd least expect it. I've seen him cry like a baby at a picnic; and on such bona fide occasions as funerals, when he takes the bridle off and lets these tear ducts have their own way, you'd think you're witnessing a cloudburst at Niagara Falls.

The other one, the boy Bud, runs just to the opposite. He's got a habit of giving you a silly grin when you ask him a question; and sometimes he'll answer you and sometimes he won't. I'd as soon try to carry on a conversation with a horse. He always looks to me like he growed too fast; seems all teeth and neck.

While we're setting there Tom Peabody comes straggling over to borrow something or other, and he pulls up a chair and sets in.

"Hear about my boy Bud being 'pinted a deputy sheriff, Tom?" says Zenas.

"I been so busy cleaning out a well I don't hear nothing about nothing," says Tom. "I never get much of a chance to look over the papers when I'm at the bottom of a well. So what about it?"

"WHY, they's just this about it," says Zenas. "If you and that daughter of yours don't get a hustle on and grow her hair out where she cut it off thataway I may not permit this marriage, after all. This boy's going like a house afire; he'll be a United States Senator as sure as you're a foot high."

"You won't *permit* this marriage?" roars Tom. As I told you prior, he's got a temper that's always as prompt as dynamite. "Why, you embicyle, a daughter like Virginia could marry the whole United States Senate itself, taking 'em one by one, if she was so minded to."

"You don't need to bust my ear drums," says Zenas. "I'm not deef and dumb yet. I'm simply telling you that harem-scarem, lickety-split daughter of yours needs handling; and Bud may be too busy with affairs of state to undertake the job. Only been in politics a month and 'pinted a deputy sheriff. Some folks plays politics all their life and never gets that high. Show him your star, Bud."

I leave them to set there and settle Virginia's entire future among themselves, and pardon myself and hurry out to the back yard, because just then I hear the hum of an airplane coming; and it sure would be poor tactics to leave one of Jerry's love letters to Virginia laying around loose where Tom might find it on his way home. Which he never misses anything laying around loose; he'd pick up a canceled stamp.

This time I get a surprise. Where usually there's only one plane at a time, this day there's two. And as Jerry comes swooping down to drop his letter into my yard the other plane comes swooping down after him; and from where I'm standing it looks to me like that other plane is chasing Jerry and doing the best it can to catch him.

Then I get another surprise. This one comes drifting down from Jerry's plane. In place of just the usual letter there's a pasteboard box done up in fancy wrapping paper that must have cost somebody a pile of money, and in one corner is the name and what they call the crest of the biggest jewelry house in Chicago. Tied to the box is Virginia's letter, and scrawled all over this envelope in big black pencil letters that look like they've been wrote down in a mighty hurry is the words:

"FINDER RUSH THIS! FOR GOD'S SAKE, RUSH!"

I carry this package into the sod house and hide it under the milk can, intending to hurry around to the front porch and make some kind of excuse to Tom and the two Gillespies and then come back and get that package and hustle it over to Virginia's house; for by the way he's wrote that for God's sake on that envelope it looks to me like this is a case for speed, rheumatism or not. But I never get a chance to do it; things come too fast from there on.

AS I come out of the sod house after hiding the package I glance up at the two airplanes; and I stop in my tracks and stand there paralyzed. I may not know much about flying, but from my years on the bench as a justice of the peace, and having the judicial temperament, as you might say, I know attempted murder when I see it; and that's what's going on up there in the air.

Having dropped that package, Jerry has straightened out and headed for Omaha; but he'll never make it. The other plane dips down after him like a hawk after a chicken, and Jerry's got just about as much chance as the chicken usually has.

He tries hard. He turns and squirms and ducks this way and that, zooming and zipping and turning flip-flops and doing what I expect these aviators call nose dives and tail spins and side slips, up this way and down the other and then crosswise. You never see the like.

Well, they get him, in spite of everything he can do. He lays straight out and heads west and makes another dash for it; and that's where they trap him. Overhauling him like he's standing still, the other plane hovers over him a moment like some big bird of prey, with the two landing wheels dangling down like its talons; and then I see a figure lean out of the cockpit and aim something straight down at Jerry's plane.

Whatever it is he shoots at Jerry thataway, it hits the mark. One of Jerry's wings folds up like tissue paper, and his plane turns its head down and starts tumbling and twisting to earth like a duck that's been brought down with a gun.

Then I see Jerry make a parachute leap; but I never do see him land. He goes floating out of sight in a haze over to the northwest, 'way over beyond the Peabody farmhouse. So I have no way of knowing whether he comes out dead or alive; looks to me about like a horse for a cow, either way. I remember wondering whether Virginia was where she could witness these goings on in the air; and, if so, whether she's still in her right mind.

But I do see Jerry's abandoned plane hit the ground; and she hits it in a hurry. There's an explosion and she busts into flames; and then I see the other plane land near by and two men jump out and run towards the fire.

I make for the front porch to tell Tom Peabody and the two Gillespies what has happened; and just as I turn the corner of the house a big, high-powered roadster comes roaring up to my front gate and a pair of heavy set personages I never see before in my life, with feet like policemen, comes piling out with automatics in their hands.

"Stick 'em up!" they yell.

Who were these mysterious strangers? What did the cardboard box contain? Why was Jerry's plane attacked? These questions will be answered in the final installment, in next week's issue.

Touching *the* Earth's Ceiling

A Vivid Account of How It Feels to Be SEVEN MILES UP *Where No Living Thing Has Ever Been Before*

By Lieut. John A. Macready

Chief of the Flying Section, McCook Field, and Holder of the American Altitude Record.

IT WAS a shining Sunday morning several years ago when on arising peacefully after a late sleep I was shocked to see staring at me from the headlines of my newspaper, in scare-head type, the caption, "Macready to Explode in the Benefit of Science." Instinctively my hands flew to my waistline and I looked down, half fearing to see abnormal bulges about my anatomy. But since the "exploding" process was evidently still entirely in the printed stage, I tightened my belt a notch, and, comforted, dove into the article.

It was written by a correspondent I had never seen and attributed to me statements which I had never imagined in my wildest dreams. The drift of it was that I intended to go up into the air to such heights that, due to the great difference in air pressure between our comfortable sea-level conditions and extreme altitudes, I would burst like a rubber balloon or a bubble.

The article was circulated generally throughout the country, caused considerable editorial comment as to what a fool Macready was, inspired a minister in Cleveland to preach a sermon to the same effect, and was the occasion of numerous telegrams and letters begging me not to make this supreme sacrifice.

Like most ridiculous distortions of fact, the inspired writer of the news item had had some modicum of truth for a foundation. It was true that the Army air service had been doing rather intensive work on equipment for altitudes above thirty-five thousand feet which I was about to test out. Also my friend of the vivid imagination had evidently heard of the small, pure rubber sounding balloons which are sent up daily at the flying field to ascertain the wind directions at various altitudes.

The army's record-breaking Le Pere in the clouds, and (above) Lieutenant Macready dressed for one of his altitude flights.

These balloons are watched through a theodolite, an instrument not unlike a surveyor's sextant, until they reach heights where the atmosphere is so light that, the external air pressure becoming less than that of their own internal pressure, they burst.

The association of ideas may be easily ac-

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

counted for: what I found a bit hard on my vanity was the easy and apparently general assumption that I would show no more foresight or discretion than a rubber sounding balloon, than which it is hard to imagine anything emptier.

Such an excursion as was being planned was naturally not without its risks. But when was any journey into unexplored territory ever taken without risk? And, with all due respect to returned spirits, I expected and hoped to fly farther into the heavens than man had ever ventured before without the accompaniment of harp music and feathered wings.

UP to that time Major R. W. Schroeder, in making an Air Service test, had gone farthest of any living creature into this unknown "hinterland" of the sky. On the morning of February 27, 1920, he climbed into a Le Pere biplane which was equipped with oxygen flasks and a supercharger, an instrument used to supply sea level pressure to the engine carburetor at high altitudes, and, with the thermometer indicating seventeen degrees, Fahrenheit, on the ground, started on his long climb. He fought his way upward for one hour and forty-seven minutes, through temperatures as low as sixty-seven degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

Major Schroeder was using an automatic oxygen supply, supposed to provide the pilot with oxygen as needed, but it failed to function. He was carrying an oxygen flask, and, upon discovering the automatic supply had stopped, he continued to ascend, using the flask. Fearing the supply would be entirely exhausted, he lifted his oil-grimed goggles to adjust the automatic feed. Deprived entirely of oxygen for an instant as he stooped forward, he lost consciousness. He fell like a plummet for more than five miles, miraculously regaining his senses in time to right his plane and make a safe landing.

As a result of this experience Major Schroeder was removed to the hospital, and it was several weeks before he recovered. There was glory about this "fall of man" absolutely lacking in the general significance of the term, as a new world's altitude record had been broken and some valuable high-altitude information had been obtained. As a result engineering brains became busier than ever on altitude equipment.

A new type supercharger for higher altitudes was developed. A supercharger is an instrument for supplying the engine with sea-level air pressure at heights at which the engine as well as the human being suffers from the unnatural conditions. It is a fact, perhaps not generally realized, that each airplane has its "ceiling"; that is, its highest point, higher than which it cannot go. The height at which an average airplane will fly is rarely above seventeen thousand feet. When it is known that the air pressure, which at sea level, where we normally breathe, is 14.7 pounds per square inch, is but 2.5 pounds per square inch at thirty-five thousand feet, and that a Liberty engine which develops four hundred horsepower on the ground develops only eighty-seven horsepower at twenty-five thousand feet, due to this lack of pressure, the reason for this "ceiling" can be understood.

The supercharger, by increasing the air pressure within the engine, thus supplying the proper combustive mixture to the carburetor, keeps the engine at its normal power and enables an airplane to climb far beyond the limits of its natural "ceiling." In fact, this normal power within the engine, against the lighter resistance of the thinner air at high altitudes, speeds up the climbing qualities of the airplane considerably.

When an airplane reaches its "ceiling" at extreme altitude it is in a state of balance or equilibrium, rolling and wallowing in the light air as it hangs suspended with little action on the control surfaces. The nose can be forced no higher.

I took up the high altitude work after Major Schroeder's flight. On September 28, 1921, after a good night's sleep, to insure the best physical condition, while testing this new supercharger and equipment, the world's altitude record was broken, and since then I have spent many hours in different types of supercharged military airplanes above thirty thousand and thirty-five thousand feet, in experimental work on Army Air Service altitude equipment.

In 1924 I again broke this record, flying to thirty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-nine feet, according to *Fédération Aeronautique Internationale* reckoning, and this is the American record, although the world's record is at present held by France, thirty-six thousand five hundred and fifty-five feet being the official figures.

IT is rather difficult to explain one's sensation at extreme altitudes, for the feelings and faculties are not as alert and active and the pilot is not particularly interested in anything except to squeeze as much comfort as he can from his meager sources of protection. The lower part of the body is protected by the cockpit and he gets a small amount of heat from a radiator in the cockpit, through which blows hot water from the engine. The upper part of the body is exposed and, in spite of heavy garments, the cold penetrates. The hands suffer most, as the blood circulation is low at high altitudes, and after a long period a pilot begins to feel the chill reaching the backbone, a warning that such cold is not to be endured for any long period.

The pilot strives to exert himself as little as possible, conserve strength, and acquire the maximum amount of information about those devices he is testing.

His senses are somewhat dulled and the faculties do not function properly if the oxygen supply is in any way insufficient.

At altitudes around thirty-five thousand feet the temperature is usually about sixty-five degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, although on February 22 of this year eighty-two and one-half degrees below zero was recorded on the smoked paper of the recording thermograph. Smoked paper is used for all recording instruments, as even the best of ink freezes in such temperatures. Colder temperatures may have been observed, but this is the coldest temperature ever actually indicated on a thermograph record or chart. A month later, at the same altitude, the recorded temperature was sixty-five degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

Theory has always held that the temperature above a certain altitude is constant, both summer and winter, but flights into these altitudes have disproved this. The variation is not so great as on the ground, but there is a variation of possibly ten, fifteen, or even twenty degrees at different seasons of the year or during different days, weeks, or months.

Until last year recording temperature instruments were not used in altitude test work. The pilot would glance out at the thermometer attached to the wing strut of the airplane and bring down the reading he saw. But because his mind was often somewhat confused by insufficient supply of oxygen, absolute credence was not always given his reading.

The first recording instruments were designed to record as low as forty-five degrees below zero, with the result that on the first high flight the needle ran completely off the drum. The succeeding instruments were built to record much colder temperatures.

Severe as such cold is, however, it is more easily endured than the lack of oxygen. When a flyer reaches an altitude of about twenty thousand feet a peculiar depression attacks him, the sky looks gray and dreary, a queer lassitude takes possession of him, and his faculties are greatly slowed up. He inserts the oxygen tube in his mask, and with a few deep breaths the whole world brightens. He is a different man, ready to think and act quickly.

Most flyers begin taking oxygen around sixteen thousand or seventeen thousand feet. At these altitudes, however, unless familiar with its use, the effect of its lack is not realized. Pilots of the Pursuit Group of Selfridge Field, Michigan, had conducted their combat practice up to eighteen thousand feet without oxygen and scoffed when its use was suggested. After a time it was noted that pilots who used the gas were more alert in combat and quicker to act. These same men would now feel rather abused if required to fly above fifteen thousand feet without it. Up to an altitude of thirty thousand feet, as long as the pilot gets plenty of oxygen he feels no discomfort. Above thirty thousand feet, any exertion causes him to realize that he needs more and more oxygen. If he stoops to make an adjustment, the instruments in the cockpit become dim and shaky to him and it is difficult to focus his mind upon what he is trying to do.

In practically all altitude-record attempts or tests of new supercharged airplanes, preparation has been made for much greater height than has really been obtained. The plane stops climbing about the time the pilot begins to grit his teeth for the supreme effort.

ALTITUDE testing is exploration work, as one does not know just what the conditions are ahead, in a realm where no living thing has ever been before. It is not the conditions which the pilot actually reaches which he is thinking of, but the conditions he expects to get into if the plane continues climbing. His thoughts are on what is ahead when he finds the airplane's ceiling has been reached and the plane will go no higher.

Oxygen equipment has been highly improved in the last two years, and there is apparently now no great danger in altitudes of thirty-five thousand feet. Above that, exploration is uncertain. There is a limit some place, determined more, perhaps, by the lack of air pressure than oxygen, as this lack can be overcome by no artificial method discovered to date.

As stated earlier, this pressure drops from 14.7 pounds per square inch at ground level to 2.5 pounds per square inch at thirty-five thousand feet, and higher than that it is, of course, still less. We are accustomed to living and breathing in the 14.7 pounds pressure. Our bodies and lungs are adapted to it. When a deep sea fish is brought to the surface its eyes bulge and its body expands. This does not happen to the pilot, but there is a tendency to equalize the air pressure between the inside and the outside of his body.

This tendency is not violent or sudden in the case of the man, however, as it is in the case of the fish. There is a change, but it is gradual and appears to have no permanent or especially disastrous effect. The great harm seems to lie in the fact that in this light air

Where a Man Needs Ten Pairs of Eyes

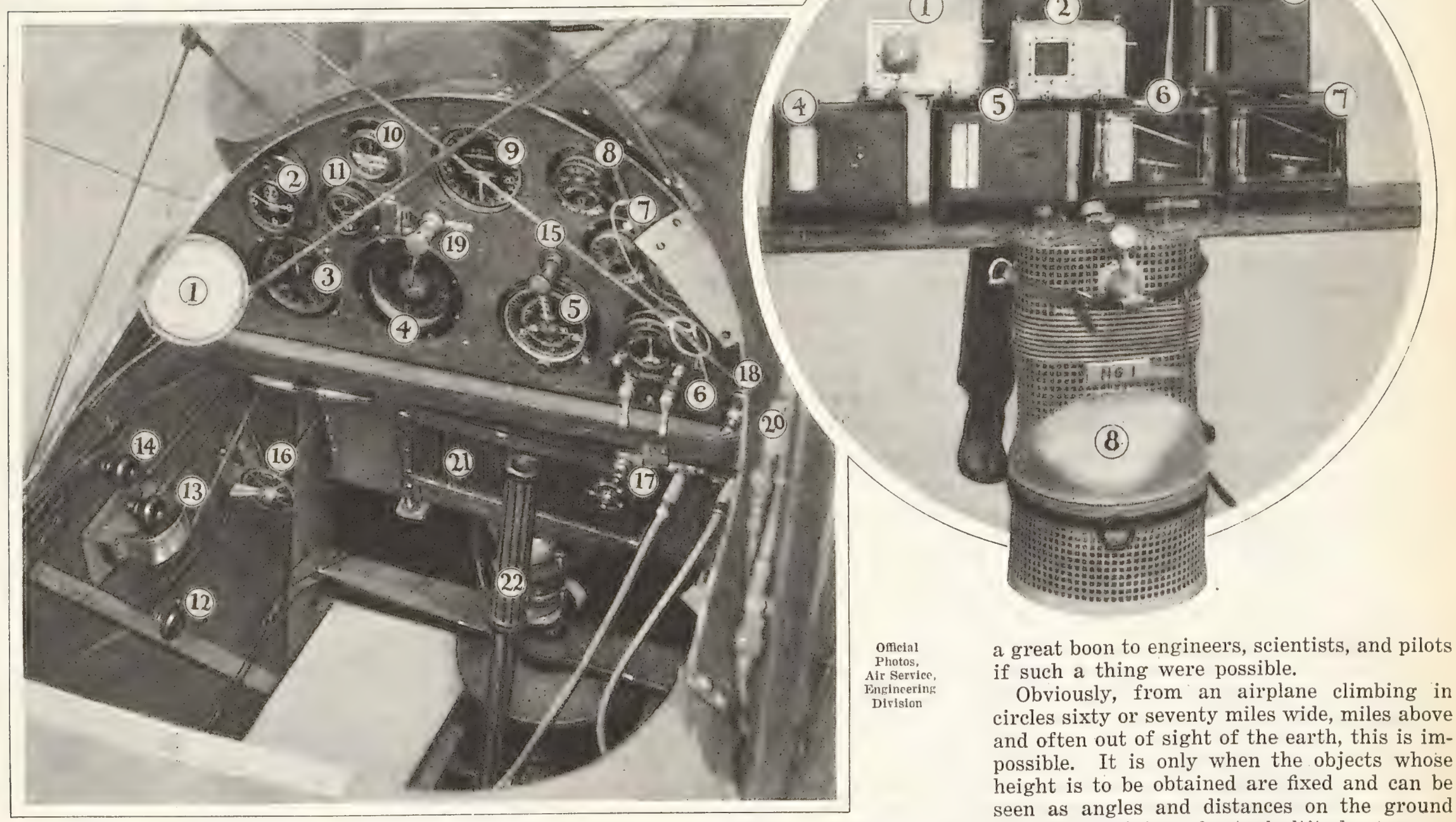
Here are Lieut. Macready and the apparatus with which his military airplane was equipped when he established the American record for altitude at thirty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-nine feet.

AT THE RIGHT:

No. 1—Barograph to record pressure in carburetor.
No. 2—Barograph to record pressure in supercharger.
No. 3, 4, 6, and 7—Barographs to record altitude.
No. 5—Recording thermometer.
No. 8—Liquid oxygen container.

BELOW:

No. 1—Thermometer connected with wing strut, to show temperature of free air.
No. 2—Clock.
No. 3—Speed indicator.
No. 4—Engine pressure indicator.
No. 5—Altimeter, to indicate height.
No. 6—Ignition switches.
Nos. 7 and 8—Water and oil temperature indicators.
No. 9—Engine speed indicator.
Nos. 10 and 11—Engine fuel pressure and temperature recorders.
No. 12—Supercharger regulator.
Nos. 13 and 14—Engine spark and throttle controls.
No. 15—Carburetor air control.
No. 16—Gasoline three-way valve.
No. 17—Liquid oxygen control valve.
No. 18—Emergency oxygen control.
No. 19—Primer for engine.
No. 20—Engine shutter control.
No. 21—Radiator for heating cockpit.
No. 22—Airplane control stick.



Official Photos, Air Service, Engineering Division

pressure the pilot cannot assimilate all the oxygen he needs.

The lungs have a certain capacity for a given amount of oxygen at ground levels, but do not have the capacity for taking in five times the volume of air necessary to supply the body at thirty-five thousand feet with this given amount of oxygen. To do this, the lungs would have to expand to five times their natural size.

Even when breathing the almost pure oxygen in this light medium, the lungs and body do not seem to receive a sufficient amount. Especially is this true when any exertion is required of the pilot, and it makes flying at such heights difficult and exhausting in the extreme.

From each altitude flight a complete written record is obtained. The Le Pere, P-53—the airplane used in making the world's altitude record—had a total of twenty-two instruments in the pilot's cockpit, all of which it was necessary for the pilot to observe or operate. Ten recording instruments in the rear cockpit, however, provided a permanent record of all the conditions encountered. This eliminated the necessity of any personally written or verbal data.

From such a record engineers can tell what is happening at any particular place, as all instruments can be co-ordinated as to time. The pressure and temperature within the engine are recorded, as are also the revolutions of the engine, atmospheric pressures and temperatures, and altitudes. These are carefully studied on the completion of the flight and steps taken to remedy any defects indicated in the engine, plane, or equipment mechanism.

NO altitude record would be officially recognized today without written records. Usually two recording barographs are taken, to indicate altitudes, so that if something happens to one there will still be another to record in dependable form whatever achievement is made.

Even after this written barograph record is obtained, scientists do not agree as to the correct method of computing from it in feet and inches the correct height which has been made. That height, of course, the reader has been thinking of as the distance which would be obtained if the pilot could let a plumb line down from the plane to the ground and the feet and miles could be actually measured. It would be a great boon to engineers, scientists, and pilots if such a thing were possible.

Obviously, from an airplane climbing in circles sixty or seventy miles wide, miles above and often out of sight of the earth, this is impossible. It is only when the objects whose height is to be obtained are fixed and can be seen as angles and distances on the ground that the obtaining of actual altitude measurement becomes a simple calculation.

We know, for instance, that Pike's Peak is 14,104 feet; that Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is estimated at 29,141 feet, though its peak has never been scaled. Actual heights of points in the air can at present be obtained only through photographs of points on the ground the distances between which are definitely known. Any computation of the altitude of an airplane traveling at great heights can be made only by the temperature and density records brought down by the flyer.

The *Fédération Aeronautique Internationale*, which is a sort of international clearing house for all world aviation records, has a table of arbitrary temperature corrections based on the theory that the temperature at extremely high altitudes is constant, and bases its computations on this table. Actual experience, however, has shown this not to be the case. Hence, the *Fédération Aeronautique Internationale* computation is seldom in accord with the correct computations from an engineering point of view. Cold air is heavier and more dense than warm air; a lower column of cold

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Boyce-ite

A REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

This advertisement is addressed to every automotive jobber, dealer, and gasoline distributor in the United States

BOYCE-ITE was the sensation of 1924. Twenty million cans of this remarkable gasoline improver were sold. As a result of records now before us backed by laboratory research, we are prepared to offer the following astounding guarantee:

"REGARDLESS of the mechanical condition or design of your motor, or the grade of gasoline or oil used, if after adopting Boyce-ite treated gasoline as your standard motor fuel you ever again find it necessary to remove carbon, have that carbon burned out and send us the bill! A check will be sent you immediately."

Now, we stand back of this guarantee in any way you choose to interpret it.

We know there will be many cars which, because of mechanical defects or conditions such as carburetor adjustments, or hard carbon deposits already formed, will be unfavorable to Boyce-ite, because Boyce-ite never has been nor ever will be a "cure-all."

We know, also, some unscrupulous persons will impose upon us under the terms of such a broad guarantee but—that guarantee stands!

Stop and think what this means. You are no longer selling a product called Boyce-ite, you are selling a service called Boyce-ite—a service that once and for all relieves the motorist of the thousand and one troubles caused by present-day gasoline. It ends all arguments about the merits of Boyce-ite.

Now, there is a reason for this Boyce-ite guarantee—experience has shown us that the average motorist is not interested in any statements regarding Boyce-ite by scientific authorities.

Here's what the average motorist *is* interested in—

"Will my motor operate more satisfactorily, more economically and over a longer period of time, with fewer trips to the repair shop, when Boyce-ite treated gasoline is used, than with any other motor fuel I can buy?"

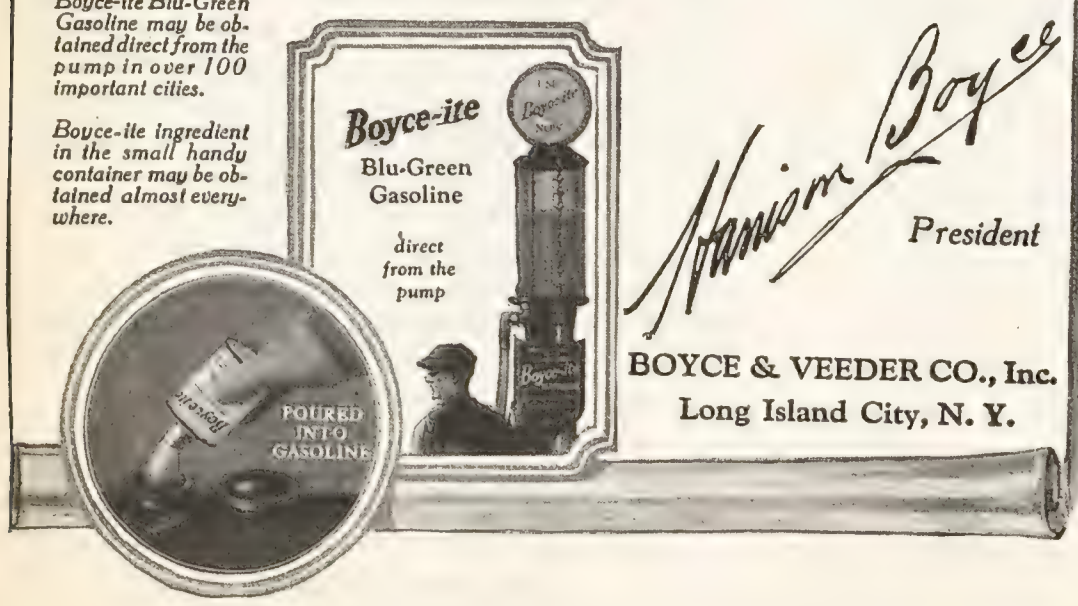
The Boyce-ite guarantee is the complete answer to that question.

Under this unqualified guarantee, which you are now at liberty to use, all arguments about Boyce-ite are forever swept aside.

Boyce-ite makes good in *every* car, or we will.

Boyce-ite Blu-Green Gasoline may be obtained direct from the pump in over 100 important cities.

Boyce-ite ingredient in the small handy container may be obtained almost everywhere.



Harrison Boyce
President

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

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air will give the same pressure as a higher column of warmer, lighter, less dense air. Altitude should be based on density, which in turn should be based on the temperature actually encountered in flight.

This uncertainty of altitude is very discouraging when one apparently climbs to great heights only to find when the corrections are made that the theoretical altitudes drop down several thousand feet. More than once I have flown to heights which gave every indication of being considerably above the world's record, only to have the barograph calibration bring the altitude down to a few hundred feet below it.

When I broke the world's altitude record in 1921 the altitude observed on the altimeter was 41,200 feet, which, when corrected at the Engineering Division, was reduced to 40,800 feet. The Bureau of Standards' correction gave 39,200 feet; later, under another method of figuring, 37,800 feet, and the *Fédération Aeronautique Internationale* finally brought it down to 34,509 feet.

This unexplored area in the heavens is being vigorously attacked through scientific interest and military necessity. There is no pleasure in high-altitude flying, but the exploring instinct keeps the interest alive in spite of the hardships.

With so little of the world's surface left for exploring, since both poles have been reached and the character, climate, and people of its every land have been more or less thoroughly classified, there is a fascination about this only field left to offer real challenge to man's curiosity. But there is, of course, a deeper purpose than mere adventure in the army's development of equipment for making this type of flying possible, and this is a military one.

IT is certain, if there is another war, flyers will fight on oxygen, and the contest to reach the highest altitudes will become important. The pilot with the most efficient oxygen supply will be the clearest of mind and the quickest of action.

In battle, it is the plane which gets on top that has every chance of being the victor. To dive on the enemy is the most important maneuver in pursuit combat. Hence it is necessary that reliable and adequate equipment be developed, so that in case of emergency the United States Air Service pilots may not fight to disadvantage.

Another use of the high altitude plane for war purposes was demonstrated when Lieutenant Stevens and I obtained an excellent picture of the city of Dayton from an altitude above thirty-one thousand feet. The general layout of the city, the thoroughfares, and large buildings were clearly shown, with the advantage that at such heights a war plane would travel beyond the reach of unsupercharged airplanes and anti-aircraft guns. Definite location of the ammunition depots, guns, forts, and important manufacturing plants of an enemy city would be clearly shown in such a photograph.

Scientifically, the observations made to date near the rim of thin air that surrounds our world have been of great interest, if not of great apparent value. But scientific research in any field has its own intrinsic value, for it can never be known when some apparently unimportant observation will suddenly link up with discoveries in a new field, in a manner to revolutionize existing theories and establish a whole new conception of truth.

THIS, quite aside from the frequent jokes we read on man's flying to Mars. Just now it would seem that a physical ceiling beyond which man could not live is being approached, but changes in cockpit design and other apparatus may some day be made to extend that ceiling. However, that lies entirely in the speculative future.

A view from a height of seven miles above the earth is a very wonderful thing. During the early flights to extreme altitudes I had been asked to look into the sky to ascertain whether stars were visible, as it was the opinion of some scientists they would be at that altitude.

There were no stars, but the atmosphere was very bright and light, the sky having a tinge of blue. The view of the earth is magnificent, and one might easily imagine himself a superior being looking down upon the work of Lilliputians, so infinitely small does the product of man's labor seem.

But the pilot does not dare to let his slow-thinking mind be given over to philosophical reveries; instead he must face the terrific frigid, biting wind, with its attendant discomforts of dirty, smoke-begrimed goggles, oxygen masks, and other unnatural appendages necessary at this great height and apply himself to the work at hand.

The development of high altitude military airplanes is a part of the Army Air Service military program. The experimentation, testing, and development work which is being done is valuable military effort and bears an important place in the earnest work being accomplished to place our country ahead in military aviation. The world's records are secondary. The perfecting of an efficient fighting altitude plane that will aid in the protection of the nation is of primary importance.

THE END

Ginger said, "These are"—he put a rat in the air—"free rats"—he put another rat in the air—"help"—he put another rat in the air—"yourself, Kid."

RATS!

Another Incident, Complete in Itself, from the Eventful Chronicles of

TRUB'S DIARY

By

John Taintor Foote

Picture by ROBERT L. DICKEY

MAY 18. Guess who I've seen? Ginger! I could hardly believe it. I was out looking for cats all by myself. I went in a yard. Ginger was sitting by a shed. He was looking at a hole that went under the shed.

I said, "Hello."

Ginger kept on looking at the hole. He said, "Listen, whoever you are, just slide on by."

I said, "What for?"

Ginger kept on looking at the hole. He said, "Never mind what for; hit the grit."

I said, "I thought we were friends, but I guess I was wrong."

Ginger took his eye from the hole in a quick way. He gave me one look. He looked right back at the hole. He said, "It's the Game-playing Kid! Didn't recognize you. Thought it was some nosey bozo tryin' to horn in."

I said, "Horn in on what?"

Ginger said, "Horn in on this hole."

I said, "What's in the hole?"

Ginger said, "The bydamdest rat you ever saw!"

I said, "I never saw a rat."

Ginger said, "Well, anyway, you're in."

I said, "In what?"

Ginger said, "In on the rat."

I said, "All right—what do I do?"

Ginger said, "Watch the hole."

I said, "I'm watching it now."

Ginger said, "Atta kid, keep on watchin' it."

I watched the hole. Ginger watched the hole. We did it for a long time. Nothing happened.

I said, "I don't see anything to this."

Ginger said, "You wait."

I said, "For what?"

Ginger said, "For the rat, you poor simp."

I said, "Where is the rat now?"

Ginger said, "In the hole; but he'll come out."

I said, "When?"

Ginger said, "How the hell do I know?"

I said, "Maybe he won't come out."

Ginger said, "He's gotta eat, ain't he?"

I said, "Maybe he has, but so have I—I'm hungry right now."

Ginger said, "You're always hungry. Shut up and watch the hole."

I watched the hole. Ginger watched the hole. We did it a longer time than before. Nothing happened.

I said, "Listen, I've got an idea."

Ginger said, "Shoot!"

I said, "Let's dig in the hole 'til we come to the rat."

Ginger said, "No use; I've done it before."

I said, "With two of us digging, you'll be surprised."

Ginger looked at me. He looked at the hole. He said, "Well, it can't hurt to try—let's go!"

We started digging. We dug and dug. I got dirt in my eyes. I got dirt in my mouth. I looked at Ginger. I had to laugh.

He said, "What's funny?"

"I said, "Your face—it's the dirtiest thing I ever saw."

Ginger looked at me. He said, "My face? Listen, your map makes a coal hole look like a bath tub." He stopped digging. He sat and panted.

I said, "What are you stopping for?"

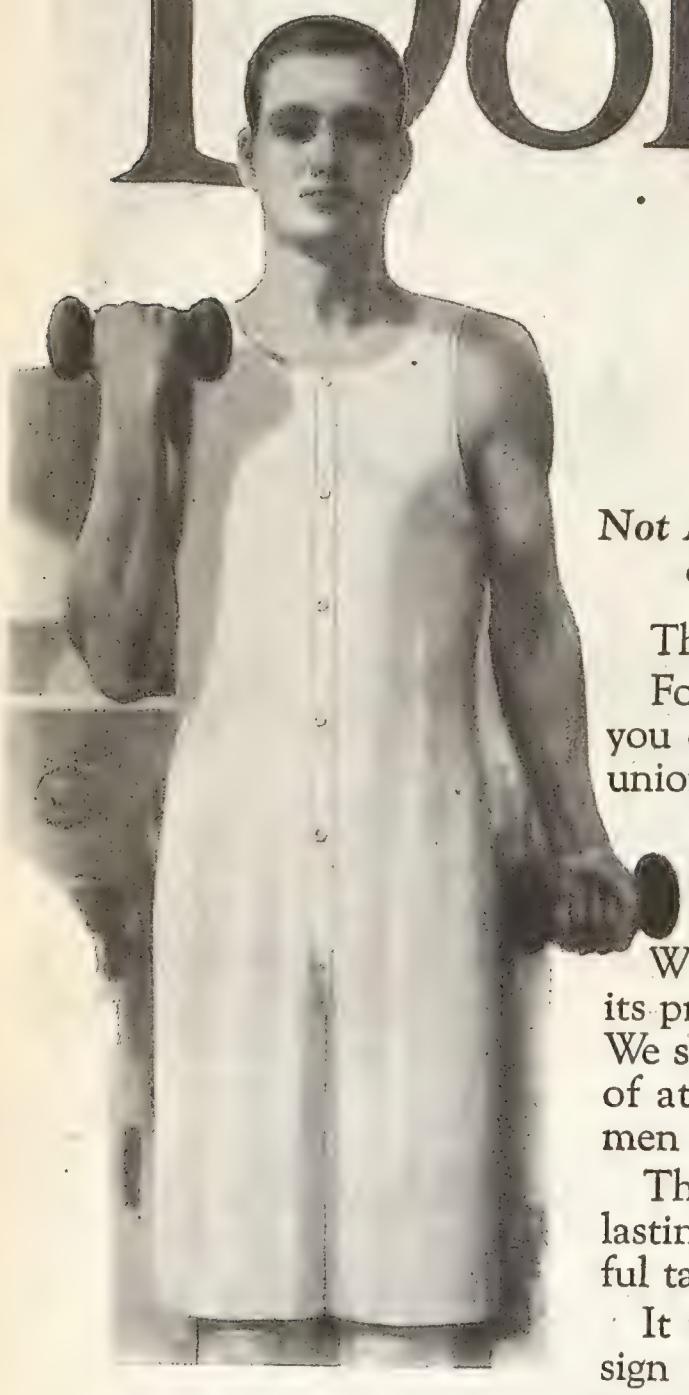
Ginger said, "I'm through."

I stopped digging. I said, "Why?"

Ginger said, "We've dug our paws off and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One Dollar



Topkis Men's Union Suits . . . $1.00.
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TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

we haven't got anywhere. Lemme think."

I sat and panted. Ginger sat and panted. He thought. I waited.

Ginger said, "Maybe we can scare him out."

I said, "How?"

Ginger said, "Bark—both together—what do you say?"

I said, "Suits me—here goes!"

I barked. Ginger barked. We kept on barking.

A man came around the shed. He was a black man. He had white teeth. I liked him.

The black man said, "What you got, boys?"

Ginger whined. He looked at the hole. He barked. I barked.

The black man said, "Rats, huh?"

Ginger barked. I barked.

The black man went over to the fence. He said, "Hey, Eeph!"

Another black man stuck his head over the fence. He said, "What you want?"

The first black man said, "Jessup's dawg wid a hole-up rat—lemme have 'at fer't 'bout a minute."

The other black man said, "I ain' goin' loan you no fer't."

The first black man said, "Come on, Eeph, git lib'ril."

The other black man said, "Not me—you lose 'at fer't, maybe, an' den whar is I at?"

The first black man said, "Fetch de fer't ovah heah an' op'rate him yo'self, den."

The other black man said, "I ain' got no time fo' rat catchin'—I'se got two rows-a tomatoes to set out."

The first black man said, "Listen, Eeph, heah's a ten-case note. You han' de fer't ovah de fence. When I han's him back, safe an' soun', you slips me back de ten."

The second black man said, "Han' me 'at ten, boy—I'll git de fer't!"

I WAS still barking. Ginger had stopped. He said, "Lay off the noise, Kid, now you're gonna see somethin'."

I said, "What?"

Ginger said, "Never mind what—just stick around."

The black man came back to the hole. He had something in a bag. It was alive. I could see the bag wiggling. He put the something in the hole. It went down the hole.

I said, "What's the idea?"

Ginger said, "You'll know in a minute—work fast when they come."

A gray thing with a long pink tail ran from under the shed. It ran in a quick way. The black man said, "Howdy, Mistuh Rat—catch 'im, dawg!"

I didn't know anything could move in such a quick way as Ginger did. It was so quick you couldn't see him. He said, "Yip, yip," and then he wasn't where he had been. He was where the rat was. The rat went up in the air. While it was still in the air Ginger was back at the shed. When the rat came down it didn't move any more.

The black man said, "'At's work, boy—git movin', bulldawg."

Another rat came from under the shed. I started for the rat. When I got to where the rat was it wasn't moving any more. Ginger had been there and was back at the shed.

The black man said, "'At bulldawg's standin' in molasses, Ginguh."

I said, "How do you do it so quick?"

Ginger said, "It's a gift."

I said, "Aw, listen, let me catch one."

Ginger said, "You couldn't catch a cold at the north pole!"

A RAT came from under the shed. Another rat came. Many rats came. They went in all directions. I didn't get a single one. It was on account of Ginger. The air seemed full of rats. All I did was sniff them when they came down.

I said, "I call this a dirty trick." I saw a rat. I started for it in a quick way.

Ginger was after another rat. He said, "What's on"—he put the rat in the air—"your mind"—he put my rat in the air—"Kid?"

I said, "That's what I mean—that was my rat."

Ginger said, "These are"—he put a rat in the air—"free rats"—he put another rat in the air—"help"—he put another rat in the air—"yourself, Kid."

The black man said, "A rat-killin' fool, 'at's what I mean. G'wan home, bulldawg."

I sat down and thought. Ginger kept putting rats in the air. I had an idea. I went close to the shed. I put my nose under the shed. I waited right there for a rat. When it came it was a big one. It was a yellow rat. It had a bushy tail. It was not moving in so quick a way as the other rats. I reached under the shed. I got the bushy-tailed rat. I pulled it out from under the shed. I gave it a shake. I put it in the air. When it came down it lay still.

The black man gave a very loud yell. He started for me.

Ginger yelled, "Beat it, Kid!" He started to run.

I started to run with Ginger. I didn't know why we were running. I said, "Don't let's go yet—I just got a big one."

Ginger kept on running. He said, "You got a big one, all right—you got the ferret!"

Another episode in Trub's lively existence as a member of the Trescott household, as revealed in his sprightly diary, will appear in an early issue.

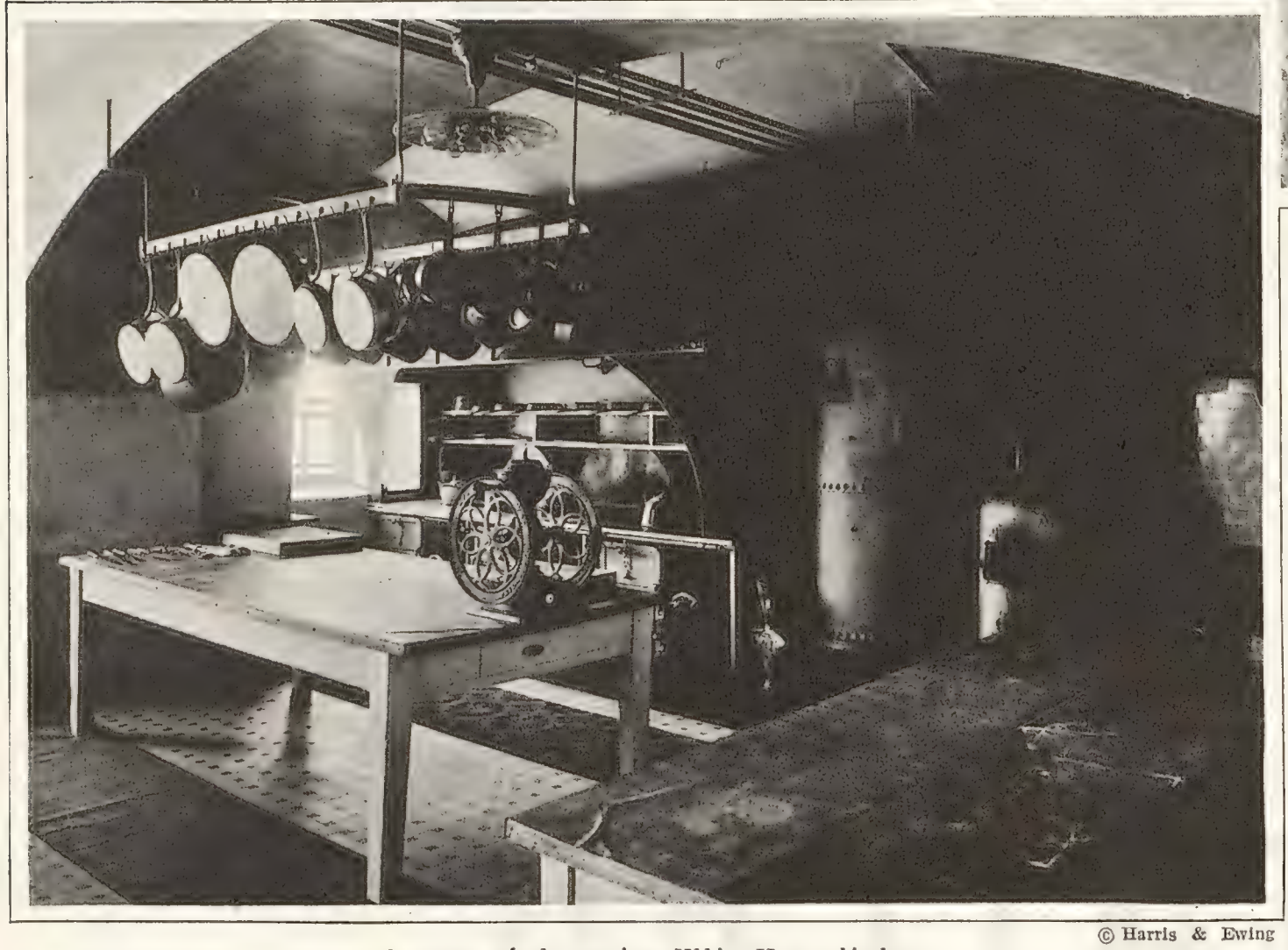
BEHIND *the* SCENES *at the* WHITE HOUSE

By

Winifred Mallon

© Henry Miller

Mrs. Coolidge at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, buying articles made for gift purposes by wounded World War veterans.



© Harris & Ewing

A corner of the spacious White House kitchen.

How the Coolidges, as Hosts to a Nation, Deal with the Problems of White House Hospitality and Its Cost

THIS is the final article of a series, begun last winter, on the Coolidges at home. Miss Mallon, the author, is a Washington correspondent of long experience and an intimate friend of Mrs. Coolidge.

COMPARED to the wife of the President of the United States, a goldfish in a bowl leads a life of retired seclusion.

To be First Lady of the Land is an occupation, no part-time job but one of constant activity, entailing a great deal that closely approaches hard labor.

Official publicity Mrs. Coolidge accepts as a matter of course, but not quite so willingly the continual invasions of what she thought, even in the White House, would be the private life of the household. She is beginning, ruefully, to realize that she has no private life.

The rest of her "job," however—even that crowning ordeal, a public reception—has no terrors for her. She told a friend who sought to condole with her, following her first New Year's reception as the First Lady, that she had "enjoyed every moment of it," had never thought of being tired until it was all over and then found she was not tired at all.

"It was all so interesting," she explained.

That is the spirit in which Mrs. Coolidge goes about the business of living in the White House, and it is that buoyant spirit of hers, and her perfect health—she literally radiates vitality—that are carrying her successfully and happily through a daily routine no less exacting than the President's own.

Mrs. Coolidge's day begins soon after seven o'clock in the morning—breakfast is at eight o'clock in the White House these days—and from then on life for her, as for her husband, is steadily one engagement after another.

By nine o'clock, the President is at his desk in the executive office and Mrs. Coolidge, in the sitting room upstairs—the Oval Room, just over the Blue Room—has interviewed the housekeeper. This manager of the household is a gifted woman installed by Mrs. Taft. With equal success she copes with tastes, preferences, and habits formed in Ohio, Virginia, or New England, and the unconquerable propen-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Do you get your money's worth when you travel?

One thing about which we never have a complaint any more in these hotels is our room-rates.

We haven't a room, you see, that hasn't its own private bath, circulating ice-water, a full-length mirror, a bed-head reading lamp, plenty of conveniences that add to your comfort. And our rooms, our houses as a whole, are kept in new condition—clean, bright, attractive.

Yet our rates are unusually low. Compare them with those of other first-class hotels.

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But we don't overcharge you someplace else—and thus risk losing the good-will those policies win for us.

We give you a pleasant room, well-lighted, well-kept, comfortably furnished, with chairs you can rest in and beds that better your sleep.

You'll agree, though, that our rates give you bargains. You can get, for instance, a twin-bed room from $5.50 (that's two people, $2.75 each) in our western cities, from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York. Think of what rooms and suites, so reasonably priced, mean to you on an auto tour. Single rates are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, from $4 in New York.

And service? Statler service is rendered by well-built, well-seasoned organizations that operate under the broadest policies of guest-satisfaction known to the hotel world. And if some little thing does happen to go wrong, in this humanly-rendered service, we're right there to make it satisfactory to you in any way we can.

You can be sure of getting your money's worth, and something more, in these hotels.

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Boston finally gets a Hotel Statler. Construction is now under way.

1300 Rooms—1300 Baths

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 20 miles away.

The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

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The largest hotel in the world — with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

sity of Presidents to make known, a scant few minutes before appearing in the dining room, how many guests they are bringing to luncheon with them.

The present domestic staff has served, with few exceptions, through four or more administrations; some of its members date back to the first Cleveland administration. It includes, in addition to the housekeeper, a cook and three assistants, three butlers, and four housemaids, among them a lady's maid who "does" Mrs. Coolidge's hair for her, when she does not put it up herself; four doormen, four laundrymen, six mechanics (carpenters, electricians, engineer, and furnaceman), six laborers, two gardeners, and four chauffeurs.

After her session with the housekeeper, throughout the day, pausing only for luncheon, which is served at one o'clock and at which guests are usually entertained, Mrs. Coolidge sees by appointment people who may be known to her but who, far more frequently, are total strangers for whom appointments have been made by officials or organizations.

ALSO she plants trees, lays cornerstones, receives delegations, attends an official wedding, funeral, or memorial service, as the case may be; makes a brief appearance, with or without the President, at the opening of a conference, convention, or other public ceremony; visits a hospital or charitable institution, and several afternoons each week receives callers by appointment singly or in groups. These she entertains at tea, sometimes in the Blue Room, but usually in the Red Room, the Blue Room being used chiefly on state occasions, when the President receives with her. If the number of guests exceeds the limits of the Red Room, Mrs. Coolidge receives there and joins her guests afterward for tea in the state dining room.

In between these various activities, Mrs. Coolidge does her shopping and looks after her household. For, though the White House organization functions almost automatically, and she is anything but a fussy or "managing" woman, her New England training has been far too thorough for her to leave the administration of affairs entirely to assistants, however skilled. So, whenever she can, she gets in a moment with her secretaries, Miss Laura Harlan and Miss Mary Randolph.

Miss Harlan, appointed social secretary by Mrs. Harding and reappointed by Mrs. Coolidge, is a daughter of the late Associate Justice John M. Harlan of the United States Supreme Court. She has been in and of official Washington society all her life. Miss Randolph, whose father was an army officer, and whose home is in Washington, was Mrs. Coolidge's social secretary during the Vice Presidential period and was retained when the Coolidges moved into the White House. Between them, Miss Harlan and Miss Randolph take care of the hundreds of letters, notes and telegrams daily received by Mrs. Coolidge, to say nothing of the torrents of cards left every day at the White House, all of which are indexed and form the basis for the White House invitation lists.

Communication with the First Lady also is through her secretaries. Appointments with her must be arranged by them, and they are always ready to assist her in receiving or to accompany her on a drive, a shopping expedition, a visit to a hospital, or one of the afternoon concerts when Mrs. Coolidge entertains a party in her box. She relies on them even more in arranging the really serious affairs, such as state dinners or receptions.

When your guests number all the way from eight to eighty—when an informal musicale after dinner means at least one hundred guests to be invited by telephone, and a formal musicale for which cards are to be issued means about four hundred; when a reception means three thousand people at a garden party or state reception, and from five thousand to the limit of endurance on New Year's Day, then entertainments cease to be merely social occasions. They become official functions to be planned and carried through as such.

Even at the most stately affairs, however, the formality of the arrangements is warmed by a spirit of genuine and lovely hospitality which keeps the White House a home as well as an official residence. Aids in full uniform precede the President and Mrs. Coolidge, at the head of their official family, in the stately little procession down the grand staircase and across the corridor to the Blue Room, while the Marine Band plays Hail to the Chief, and Ambassadors, Supreme Court Justices, and other dignitaries, officials, political, military, naval, and civil, wait to be presented in due form and proper order of precedence.

But the President, no iceberg but a real host, and Mrs. Coolidge, a sight to gladden the eye, with a way of her own of making you feel that you are the special guest she is particularly glad to see, somehow give the impression of welcoming you to an exceptionally well ordered and hospitable private home. And everyone in any way concerned, from the chief military aid to the attendant who calls your carriage number at the door about midnight, seems to regard the entire affair quite as a personal matter.

"IT'S a lovely party," you say to the usher who unhooks the velvet rope to let you pass from the corridor into the Blue Room, which he sometimes will do if he has known you long enough, even if you are not a high official personage.

And he will beam upon you, and tell you, confidentially:

"I think so, too. The best diplomatic reception we've ever had."

For that is the way you feel about it.

Financially, the President has nothing to worry about. His salary, while small compared to that of the heads of many lesser nations, is more adequate than ever before.

President Coolidge receives annually seventy-five thousand dollars, with an allowance of twenty-five thousand dollars a year for traveling expenses and for official entertainment. He is the only government official not required to sign a pay roll, nor is he obliged to call or even send for his salary check of six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars a month, which is brought to the White House by a special messenger from the Treasury Department.

The allowance of twenty-five thousand dollars remains in the Treasury subject to the President's order. His secretaries and the appropriate members of the White House and executive office staff attend to the details when the President travels, and make up the account which is submitted to the President for his approval. His signature is authority for the White House disbursing officer to pay, up to the total amount specified, the railroad, Pullman, hotel, and other bills and necessary expenses incident to the trip, in checks on the Treasury against the Presidential allowance.

Similarly, the expenses of the strictly official entertainments at the White House are esti-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

An Inauguration as MRS. COOLIDGE SAW IT

SINCE the day that Calvin Coolidge took office as Vice President the political scene has changed almost completely. But Mrs. Coolidge, as First Lady of the Land, remains her gracious, inherently unassuming self. The fine spirit of modesty in which she attended that now historic inaugural shines out in the following paragraphs, selected from her description of the event written for the Boston Post of March 6, 1921:

Bachrach Photo

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

THE inaugural spectacle was so wonderful that I hardly knew what impressed me the most. I was very happy and at the same time very sad; happy because my husband took office as Vice President of the United States, and sad because of the pitiful picture presented by Mr. Wilson. . . . I felt very proud when my husband was sworn in, and thought of all that it meant to my sons who were sitting at my side in the gallery, and to Granddaddy Coolidge behind us.

I tried to pick out famous Senators on the floor, and I recognized many Governors whom I had met from time to time with my husband. To my left, at the end of the row, was the First Lady of the Land. Of course every eye in the chamber was focused upon her and I found a few people looking at Granddaddy Coolidge, the boys, and myself. . . .

In the late afternoon we returned to the Willard to dress for the McLean ball, which was held in their big house in Jackson Square. There were a number of charming people there, and it was very gay. I was not a bit tired and I did enjoy the dancing so much. My husband doesn't dance, and I guess he will never learn.

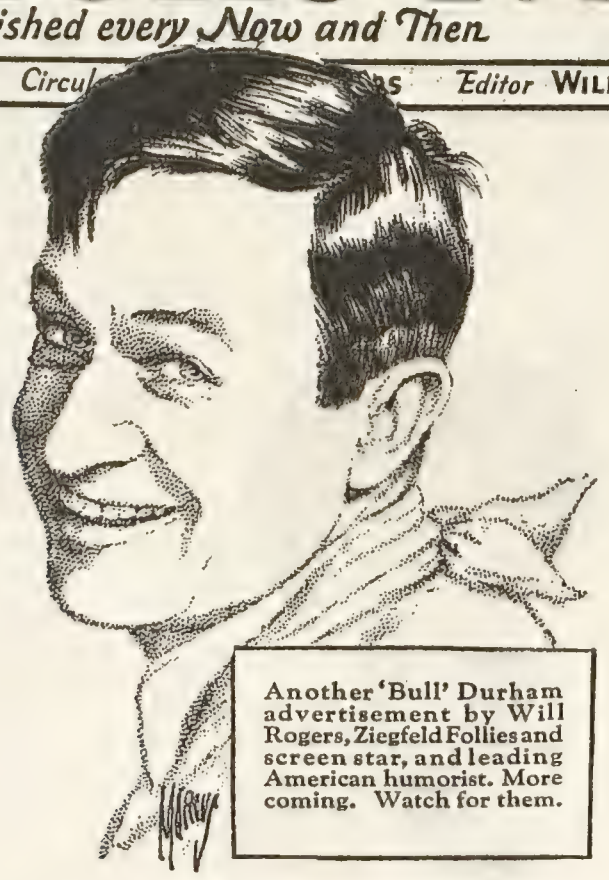
I know that society with the big "S" does not appeal to the Vice President. But he is used to "putting in an appearance" as a result of his training in public life.

Everybody has been perfectly delightful to me in Washington, especially Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. This was my first inauguration and it's only the second time that I have visited Washington. The first trip I made to the Capital was in charge of a group of schoolgirls. On that occasion we saw all the things that the tourist usually takes in. But I had not visited the White House until yesterday.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circul[illegible]S* *Editor* WILL ROGERS



Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

An Unknown Historical Fact

DID you know that George Washington, The adopted Father of our Country, just before he got on the Ferry to cross the Delaware for the Photographing of that now famous Picture, Did you know that he smoked two sacks of 'Bull' Durham while he was waiting for the Ferry? (things were just as late in his War, as they were in our last one). Now I have never heard of this 'Bull' Durham episode before, neither have I ever heard it denied. So if it's never either been affirmed or denied, there is no reason to disbelieve that it's not true. 'Bull' Durham originated in Virginia, and Washington lived in Virginia, and he was a great man to patronize home industries. And as Washington was the best man of his day, and Durham the best tobacco of its day, there is no plausible reason to doubt that these two most excellent Institutions didn't readily recognize the good in each other and get together.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—'Bull' Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this — more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more for your money.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
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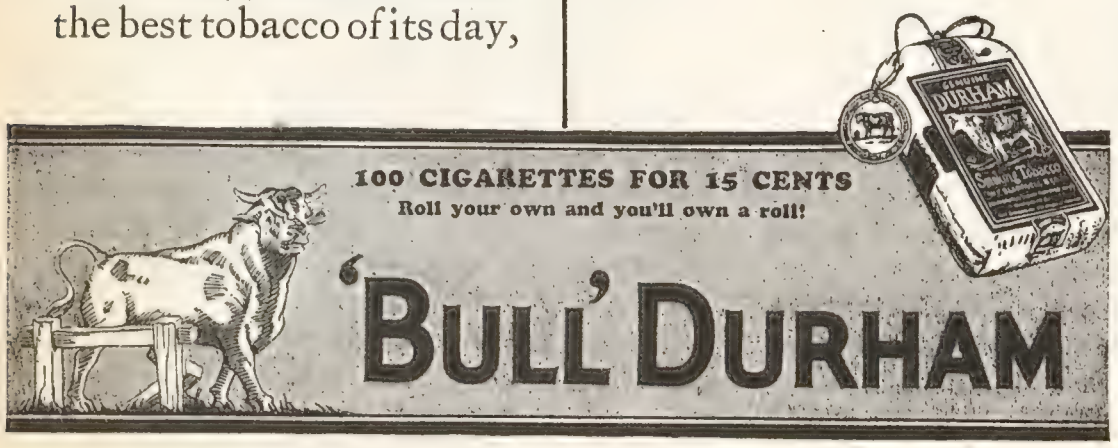


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

mated and the statement signed by the President, who then is reimbursed by a Treasury check for the amount which is deducted from the allowance for the year.

It was during the administration of President Harding that official entertainment was included as a legitimate expenditure, to be paid for out of the twenty-five thousand dollars originally authorized as a traveling allowance. Since the increased cost of living is felt as perceptibly at the White House as elsewhere, it is fortunate for President Coolidge, as it would be for any President not blessed with a private fortune, that this wholly sensible action was taken. Practically all the formal entertaining to be done by a President and his wife is official in character, one official dinner costing from five hundred to eight hundred dollars.

The President does not, of course, defray from his own salary the expense of the upkeep of the Executive Mansion, containing some twenty-five rooms, and the grounds surrounding it, which comprise seventeen acres. Nor does he pay the domestic staff, the contingent expenses of the executive office, nor the White House police force of thirty-three men, without whose eternal vigilance nothing portable within the grounds could be preserved from souvenir fiends, for the benefit of future generations.

For these expenses Congress appropriates about three hundred thousand dollars a year, the amounts varying slightly from year to year. Such appropriations are made after hearings at which each item is presented by the "officer in charge of public buildings and grounds," who is also chief military aid to the President, and carefully considered by committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

LAST year's appropriations included fifty thousand dollars for ordinary care, repair, and refurnishing; twelve thousand dollars for heating the house and greenhouses; forty-five thousand dollars for the domestic staff, numbering about fifty; ten thousand dollars for improvement and maintenance of the grounds; nine thousand dollars for care, maintenance, repair, and reconstruction of the greenhouses; eight thousand dollars for lighting the Executive Mansion; seventy-five thousand dollars for the Executive office force, from the President's secretary at seven thousand five hundred dollars to the last man on the pay roll at nine hundred and sixty dollars; thirty-five thousand dollars for contingent expenses of the executive office, such as stationery, telegrams, telephones, books, and furniture; and sixty thousand dollars for the White House police force.

There is also a Presidential allowance of three thousand dollars for printing and binding, including letterheads and Senate documents, this being the only allowance at the disposal of the President in addition to the twenty-five thousand dollars for traveling and official entertainment.

The entertainment allowance does not include the constant hospitality extended by the President and his wife, who rarely sit down, even at breakfast, without having guests at the table with them. Open house is kept, of necessity, to a far greater extent than would be the practice even in the most hospitable private home, while house guests are entertained constantly for periods ranging from one night or a week-end, to a week, or two, or three. For this the President pays even as you and I, out of his personal salary.

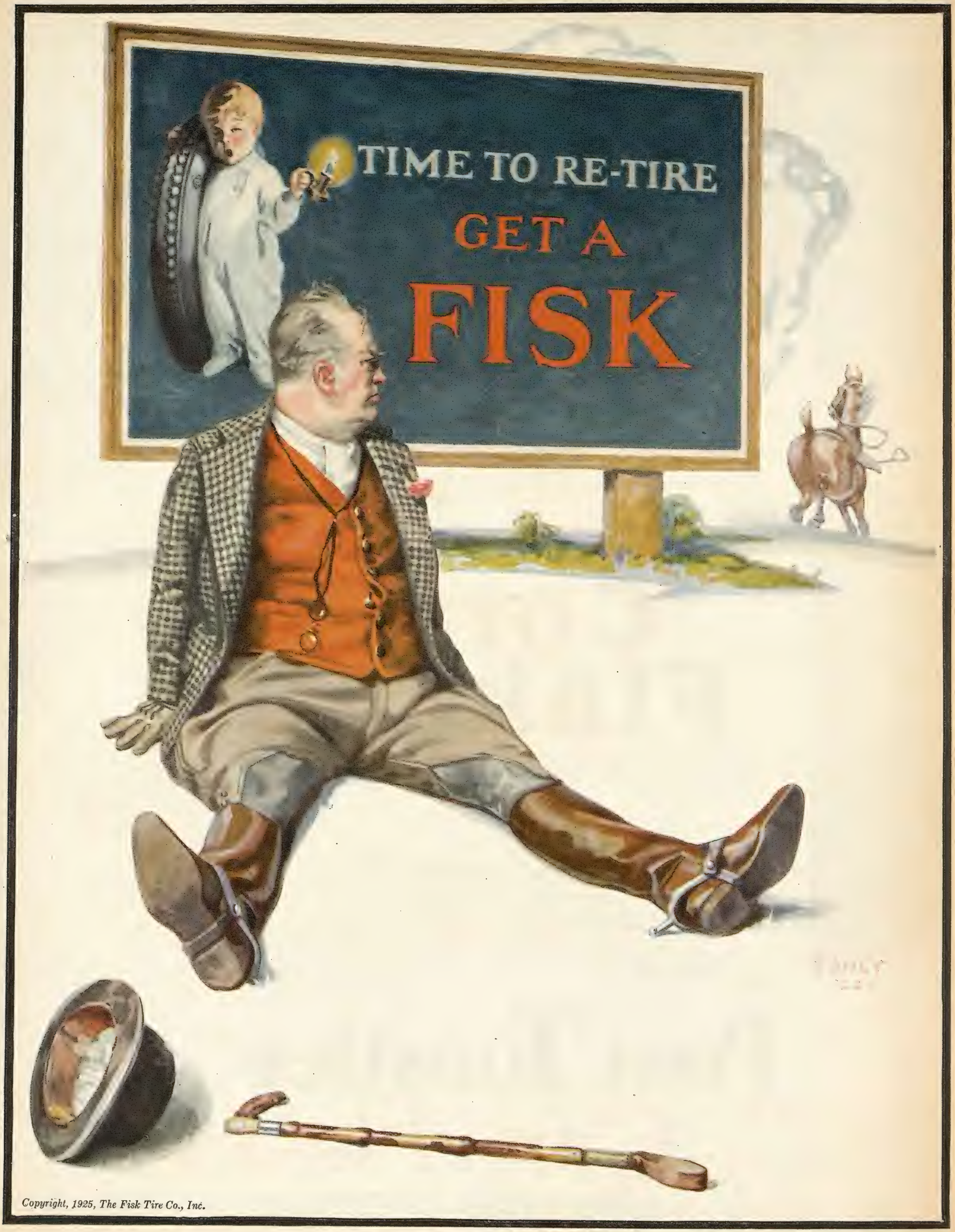
ALTHOUGH this is a pleasure as well as a duty to both the President and Mrs. Coolidge, it is also an expense that would not devolve upon any couple in private life, and a social burden that no man on a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars would, for a moment, attempt to carry. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have always lived within their income, whatever it happened to be, and saved a portion of it. They are doing it now. They are that kind of people. But even on seventy-five thousand dollars a year President Coolidge is not in a position to save anything like as much, whatever his personal disposition toward economy, as a man on a similar salary in private life.

Literally hundreds of thousands of guests are entertained in the White House in the course of every year. The number of callers runs into the millions. No one ever has tried to estimate the total strength of the army of tourists and of delegates to national and international conventions which invades Washington annually, with unceasing regularity and enthusiasm, the White House being the primary objective of one and all.

Nor would it be possible to enumerate the official, semi-official, and political visitors, including advisers and well wishers, in comparison to whom the personal friends of the President and Mrs. Coolidge are the merest fraction of the total number of guests entertained at the White House in the course of a year.

They are hosts to a nation, and gracious and cordial hosts. Mrs. Coolidge is a true daughter of her father, that genial deacon of the Congregational Church who "loved people," and until the death of Calvin, their younger son, brought to the President and his wife the keenest sorrow of their lives, the White House was never a happier place, nor a place radiating a truer and more ready hospitality.

THE END



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DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes

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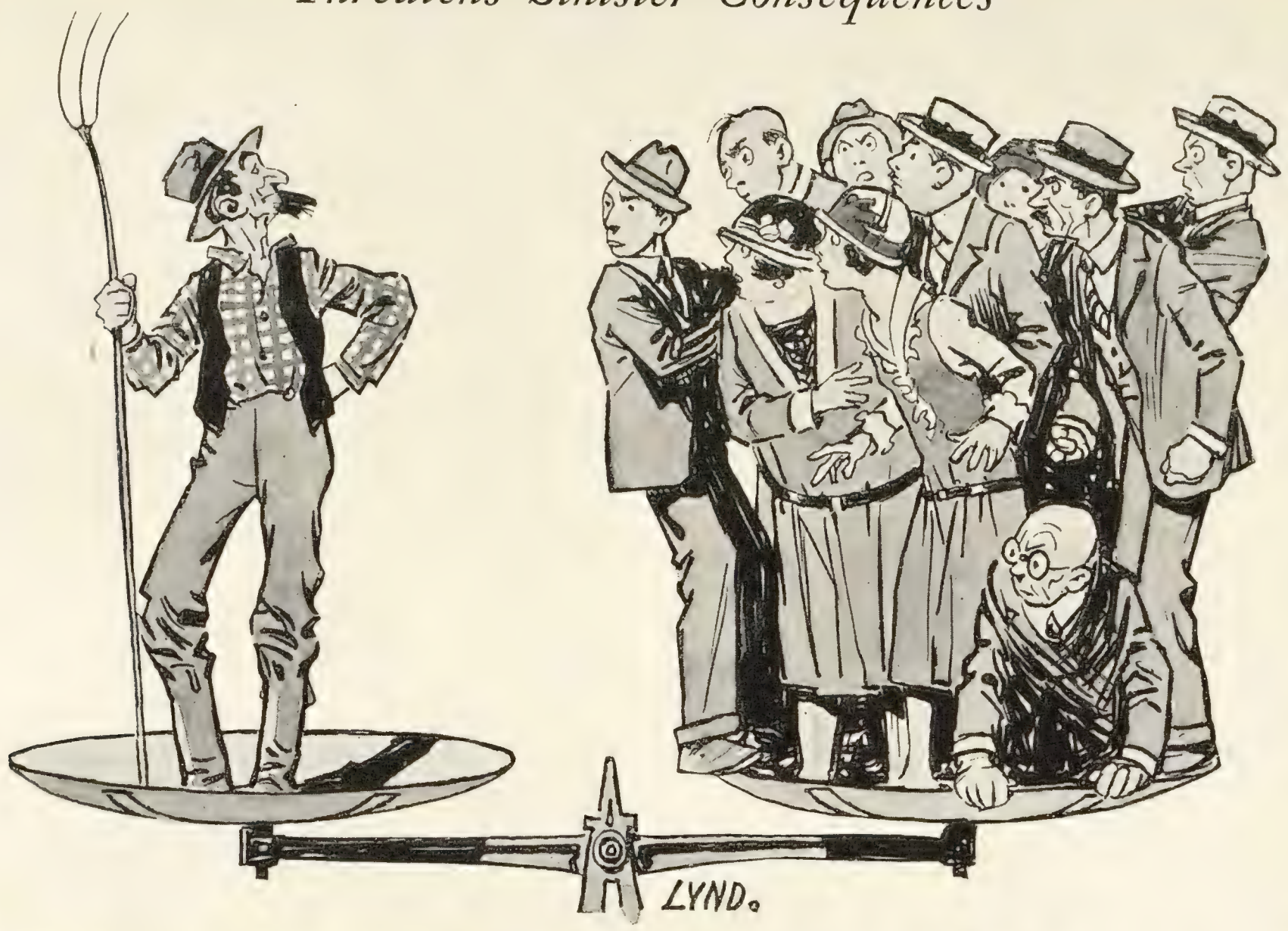
A Revelation of a Strange Development in American Politics Which Threatens Sinister Consequences



IN SOME States the vote of one farm or village dweller is equal in weight to the votes of ten residents of the state's metropolis.

Will the Cities Revolt?

By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

Cartoon by J. NORMAN LYND

IN a previous article, the author discussed the disproportionate legislative representation allotted to city and country districts, in which the advantage is all with the rural communities. By citing historical precedents he made the point that a violent revolt of the cities against the States is well within the realm of possibility. In this, the second article of the series, he continues his analysis of the problem.

CITY folks have begun to cry out that they are being ground under the heels of farmers, who have no comprehension of the governmental needs of large communities, no appreciation of the humanities, no tolerance of personal liberty.

With rural communities conspicuously "dry" and cities generally "wet," the opponents of prohibition are now convinced that the Eighteenth Amendment was "put over" by the disproportionate voting power wielded by the members of the State Legislatures from rural districts.

So great is the inequality in some States that the vote of one farm or village dweller is equal in weight to the votes of ten residents of the State's metropolis.

Had the cities had the representation to which their population entitled them, the "wets" contend, they would have been able to defeat ratification of the prohibition amendment in more than the thirteen States requisite to the attainment of their object.

The cities are beginning to complain, too, of inequalities in taxation emanating from the inequalities in representation. Here and there a metropolitan district arises to hurl that ancient challenge to oppression, "No taxation without representation," the battle cry that won the independence of our nation and yet may divide it again before the differences of city and village are composed.

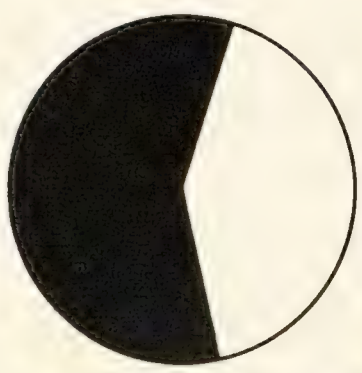
The country grimly counters with the argument that, unless city representation be limited, sovereign States will be controlled and degraded by the same riff raff vote that has made many a city government a stench in the nostrils.

Village statesmen conjure up visions of States financially ruined by metropolitan extravagance, and looted by city hall gangs, and proclaim it their duty to restrict the participation of the large cities in the State government by whatever means necessary.

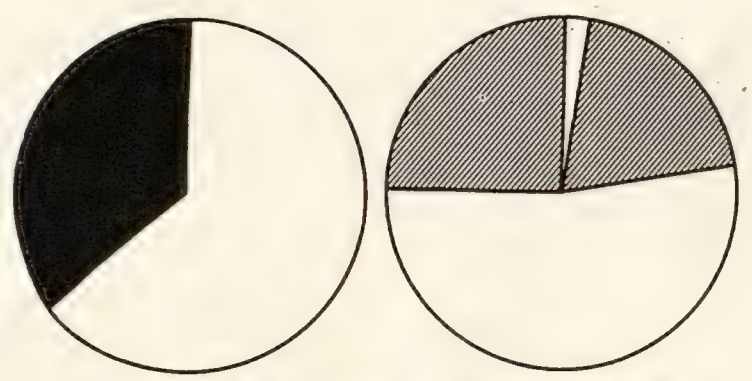
More than half the inhabitants of New York live in New York City. But the metropolis is represented at Albany by only about two-fifths of the members of the Senate and of the Assembly.

The fathers who framed the first New York constitution took care to prevent the future microcosm on Manhattan Island and adjoining boroughs from ruling the Empire State. They pro-

[CONT'D ON PAGE 31]



New York City, with more than half the population of its State (black in circle at left), has only two-fifths of the State's representation (shaded in circle at right).



St. Louis, Kansas City, and St. Joseph—more than one-third of Missouri's population (circle at left)—have one-fourth of the Senate and one-fifth of the House (circle at right).

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In the Pennsylvania Capitol at Harrisburg a population that is 70 per cent urban (black in circle at left) has a Legislature in which only a minority is from the cities (shaded in second circle).

The Capitol at Trenton, N. J., houses a Senate in which Essex and Hudson Counties, with four-tenths of New Jersey's population (black in circle), have less than one-tenth of the membership (shaded).

Raw Photo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

vided that no county should have more than one-third of the membership of the Senate, and no two counties, adjoining or separated only by public waters, as the boroughs of New York are separated in the counties of Kings, Queens, and Richmond, should have more than one-half of the body.

Beginning with an allotment of one member to each county regardless of population, the apportionment of members of the lower house was so devised as to insure a preponderance of rural assemblymen.

Missouri furnishes several cases in point. St. Louis, Kansas City, and St. Joseph have more than one-third of the population of the State, but only one-fourth of the membership of the State Senate and one-fifth of the lower house. The basis of representation was devised in the State constitution fifty years ago so as to allow sparsely settled rural regions a greater proportionate number of assemblymen than the densely populated cities.

St. Louis, which cast two hundred and sixty-five thousand votes last fall, has nineteen members of the State House of Representatives, or one legislator to every thirteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight votes. Carter county, with less than two thousand votes, has one assemblyman. One vote in Carter County is equal to seven votes in St. Louis.

Under the constitution of 1875 the city of St. Louis is confined within state boundaries, although it has actually grown beyond them. Bills to extend the city limits in effect have been defeated repeatedly by the rural majority in the Legislature.

The police departments of Kansas City, St. Louis, and St. Joseph are administered by commissioners appointed by the Governor. The cities have demanded home rule in vain. The St. Louis aldermanic council, a few years ago, refused to appropriate for the expense of the police department, over which it had no control. The Supreme Court sentenced the aldermen to prison for contempt until they should vote the appropriation, and they then complied.

A reapportionment of legislators, which would increase urban and decrease rural representation, has been refused by the rural majority in the State law-making body, although the constitution prescribes one after each census. There has been none since 1901.

Something of the spirit of revolt which is being thus engendered was illustrated by the recent disruption of the Rhode Island Legislature, to which allusion was made in the first article of this series.

The Democrats are stronger in the cities of Rhode Island, the Republicans in the rural districts. With the populous centers held down to the same representation as hamlets, the Republicans always have been able to control the Senate. For years, therefore, the Democrats have been clamoring for a new constitution which would place representation in the Senate on a population basis. They urge it on the ground of doing justice to the cities.

THE Republicans have opposed it, sounding the usual warnings against the dangers of city domination and spicing them with the suggestion that back of the Democratic campaign was the aim of the preponderating foreign-born element, largely Roman Catholic, in the industrial centers, to free parochial schools from the legal necessity of conducting part of their instruction in English—if not to legalize public school instruction in an alien tongue.

Religious and educational issues have loomed large in Rhode Island with the influx of hordes of foreign-born workers into the mill towns, transforming them in many instances into alien communities in which English is rarely heard. Public school instruction is conducted in English only by compulsion of the law.

With these considerations in mind, the rural citizens, predominantly native-born and Protestant, and their representatives, have become more determined than ever to preserve the present basis of representation, which enables them to retain their whip hand in the Senate and veto legislation repugnant to them, even though the cities in time should gain control of the lower house by virtue of the population basis of its representation.

So the issue was joined. The cities, through Democratic spokesmen, demanded a new constitution granting them representation proportioned to population. The country, championed by Republicans, opposed any change in the system, and declared the old constitution the bulwark of American institutions, now gravely menaced by alien influences.

On behalf of the cities, it was argued that there is no equality of voice in the making of the laws, unless each legislator, whether he be State Senator or State Assemblyman, represents the same number of constituents as each other legislator—whether his district be a farming countryside as large as a county, or a teeming metropolitan tenement quarter comprising only a city square.

Right there the Republicans, on behalf of the cross-roads communities, cited in support of their contentions the analogy of the Federal government and the Federal Constitution.

The founders of the American republic, it was pointed out, had not accepted the theory of equal representation on a population basis in both houses of Congress. In the wisdom of their conception of a government of checks and balances, they had made population the basis of representation in the House and the sovereign States, without regard to population, the basis in the Senate.

In the Rhode Island House of Representatives, argued the Republicans, representation is based on population. In the Senate, it is based on sovereign towns, regardless of population—and by this beneficent provision the little towns are enabled to protect themselves from the domination of the cities with their differing ideals and interests.

"Bosh," retorted the Democrats of the cities. "The basis of representation in the Federal Senate is an antiquated conception, which appeared plausible when the States were decidedly more sovereign than they have turned out to be (or want to be)—a conception which represented the unfounded fears of the small colonies. It was adopted as a last resort compromise to assure ratification of the Constitution by the necessary majority of the original thirteen States."

When the 1924 Legislature met, Lieutenant Governor Toupin, Democrat, set out to force the Republican Senators to agree to the calling of a Constitutional Convention. In presiding over the Senate, he refused to recognize Republican Senators and promoted a filibuster by the Democratic Senators against the passage of any legislation until the Republicans should consent to the passage of the bill for the Constitutional Convention.

The Republicans refused to yield and the Lieutenant Governor held the Senate in continuous session for days and nights at a time, trying to wear out his opponents.

Finally a gas bomb was mysteriously in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

troduced into the chamber and exploded. It cleared the chamber as by magic, and the Republican Senators just kept on going till they had crossed into Massachusetts, where they were safe from arrest to enforce their attendance. They remained in Massachusetts for more than seven months, and returned only after the session of the Legislature had expired by limitation of law.

During this deadlock the legislative machinery was at a standstill, appropriation bills were stalled, and State employees went without their pay. Both parties went to the people on the issue in the 1924 election, and the Democrats were overwhelmingly defeated.

Thus ended Toupin's rebellion.

THE Republicans proclaimed the election a vindication of their resistance to the Democratic filibuster. It is not without significance, however, that the Republicans in the election campaign pledged themselves to take up, in the next Legislature, the question of revising the constitution. So the last of the demand of the cities for equal representation in Rhode Island is yet to be heard.

The Democrats have loudly voiced the suspicion that the Republican majority has not the slightest intention of fulfilling its pledge, and have been hurling threats that when the cities are compelled to renew their fight for equality with ruraldom there is likely to be a ruction which will make the late unpleasantness in the State Senate chamber look like a pink tea.

Rhode Island has furnished the most spectacular illustration of the chafing of urban folk at the hobbles fixed upon them by their country cousins. But Rhode Island is not alone in this discrimination.

In Pennsylvania the cities have more than seventy per cent of the population, but the majority in the Legislature is rural—as the result of the basis of representation which allows one assemblyman to every county, regardless of population, and favors the sparsely settled regions in the assignment of additional members.

The most striking evidence of farmer rule in Pennsylvania was furnished in 1923, when the Legislature passed an act prohibiting the adoption of daylight saving schedules in any municipality. The cities, which wanted daylight saving, and many of which had adopted it, were compelled to bow to the will of the farmers, who did not want it.

Now and then the public prints record a flurry over a spasmodic enforcement of blue laws in New Jersey. Those blue laws, including one which prohibits the operation of railway trains on Sunday, were placed on the statute books a century ago by a rural majority of the Legislature, representing a rural majority of population. They are retained by a rural majority of legislators, now representing a rural minority of the population. New Jersey is seventy per cent urban today.

Newark, Jersey City, and other populous centers, comprising Essex and Hudson counties, have four-tenths of the inhabitants of the State but are represented altogether by less than one-tenth of the membership of the Senate. Each county has one Senator, whether it be Essex with 652,089 inhabitants or Cape May with 19,460. All efforts to revise the constitution to equalize representation of city and country have been defeated by the rural majority—and with good reason, assert the rural statesmen, as they contemplate the alien hordes in the mill cities of Essex and Hudson counties.

In the next article of this series Mr. Henning will describe the methods by which rural domination of State Legislatures is preserved. He will also define more specifically the part which prohibition plays in the problem.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

She Had a Telescope Radio

My little girl tuned in at seven in the morning for the radio exercise from WOR and was having a great time when she suddenly turned off the machine and made a beeline for her mother's room, exclaiming:

"Mother! the man saw me in my nightie, because he told me I was out of the circle and not exercising right."—G. O. S., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

* * *

He Knew the Reason

My son, six years old, was in the habit of playing with George, a little fellow about the same age. Whenever my son was disobedient I scolded, saying: "George wouldn't do that," or, "I'm sure George wouldn't do that." He must have grown tired of the same remark, for one day he said: "Well, mother, George comes from a much finer family than I do."—Mrs. S. G. M., Newark, N. J.

* * *

A Pardonable Mistake

Little Billy was sent to the drug store to buy a thermometer. The clerk asked him what kind of thermometer he wanted. "Oh," said Billy, "I guess you'd better give me a big one, as we like to have our house good and warm."—E. M. H., Warsaw, Ind.

$500 FOR LAST LINES TO LIMERICKS—SEE PAGE 39

A Short Story of How a Big League Pitcher Regained His Lost "Goat" and His Girl

As they moved their right hands back and forth in unison they imitated the sound of that essential brass. "Ta ta, ta ta, ta ta."

The SLIDE TROMBONE

By W. O. McGeehan

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

THE Master Mind of the Mastodons was busy in his workshop, the dugout. When occupied in thoughts portentous to the national pastime the Master Mind sat coatless and preoccupied, his pudgy thumbs playing with his galluses. The attitude of the Napoleon of baseball when he was masterminding was quite un-Napoleonic, but the back wall of the dugout screened him from the curious who craned their necks in vain to catch the Master Mind in the act of thinking.

The Mastodons were on the diamond practicing on the eve of the most crucial of all crucial world series. Quite unexpectedly the Aborigines had smashed through in the last week of the season and had taken the pennant in the other league by a margin of just one game. The Master Mind had counted on meeting the Highlanders in the world series. The unexpected finish of the Aborigines brought about a situation which challenged the resources of the Master Mind.

But the metropolitan baseball writers had predicted, "The Master Mind will be equal to the situation. It is well known that every motion of the Mastodon pitchers and every swing of the Mastodon batters is directed by signals from the Master Mind. There is only one brain on the Mastodons, the brain of the Napoleon of baseball. The speed of Nelson and the heavy batting array of the Aborigines will avail nothing against the inside baseball of the Master Mind."

The eyes of the nation were on the iron-gray bullet-shaped head of the Master Mind, figuratively, of course, as he sat there thinking. Patsy Dolan and Jimmy Benton, two coaches who had played with the Master Mind when he was an infielder on the Old Ostriches, sat one at his right hand and one at his left as the Master Mind thought.

The Master Mind had two assets invaluable in "inside baseball," an uncanny memory for scandalous matters pertaining to ball players and one of the bitterest tongues that ever wagged glibly in a ball park. You have to be very close to baseball, the national pastime, to appreciate the true value of such assets.

Of course Patsy Dolan and Jimmy Benton were thinking simultaneously with the Master Mind, but to a lesser extent. They were mere moons thinking reflected thoughts of the sun of baseball intellect, the Master Mind, bathing as it were in the refulgence of his brain.

The Master Mind broke the silence which had become almost oppressive.

"We must get that Big Swede Nelson's goat," he announced.

Patsy Dolan and Jimmy Benton nodded in vigorous duet. It was said of them that they had developed large wrinkles on the backs of their necks from nodding acquiescence to the Master Mind.

"Oh, yes, I know that," said the Master Mind. "But how?"

"Wait," said Patsy Dolan. "I think that I am on the trail of something. I spent a year with the Aborigines."

"Well, well. Come through," said the Master

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FROM a thousand throats came the maudlin old song: "I love you as I never loved before, since first I met you on the village green."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Mind impatiently. "It may mean the difference between the winners' and the losers' end."

"It was when we were in Macon," began Dolan. "There was one of those traveling burlesque shows come to town and the whole troupe turned out to go to it. I was there with Nelson. He is a regular Swede, the most regular I know of. Even when we were in the train wreck, as soon as he found out the train couldn't move he went back to his berth and slept until the wrecking crew came around in the morning."

"Get to the point," said the Master Mind.

"I am," continued Patsy. "Between the acts there was a slide trombone quartet came out and started to play an old song. As soon as those horns got going the Big Swede says, 'Oh, my God!' and he rushed out of the place like a crazy man. He didn't show up for three days and then he looked as though he had been on a week's bat. We managed to keep it all quiet. After it quieted down I tried to pump him. He got me by the throat and nearly choked me with that big right hand of his. Just when I thought I was gone he let go. He was shaking like a leaf and he asked my pardon. 'But don't ever talk about it,' he said. 'There is murder in my heart sometimes.'

"If you want to know what will get the Big Swede's goat, I'll tell you. It's a slide trombone."

"What was the song that the trombones played?" demanded the Master Mind eagerly.

"Wait a minute," pleaded Patsy. "I'm trying to remember. Let's see. Ta ra rara rara. Oh, yes. I got it. The tune was When You Were Sweet Sixteen."

"Nice work, Patsy," said the Master Mind. He never went into superlatives when bestowing praise. The first Napoleon used to pinch their ears and give them a ribbon. The Napoleon of baseball said, "Nice work," in an imperial manner. That was all.

The secretary of the Mastodons stood before the dugout.

"The newspaper men want to interview the Master Mind," he announced.

The Master Mind, who had been stripped for thinking, put on his blue serge coat and his gray fedora. "Tell them to come on," he said graciously.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Master Mind, "I suppose you want a statement. Of course, nothing must be taken for granted in baseball. I am confident the Mastodons will win this series. My ball club is made up of good campaigners. That is the first point in their favor.

"I am making only one prediction and this is in regard to Nelson, the Big Swede. I predict that he will not last a full game with the Mastodons during the series."

This was sensational news. By those under the spell of the Master Mind it was received with something like awe. But those who were inclined to treat the Master Mind with a lack of reverence received it somewhat in a spirit of levity.

Nelson walked out to the pitcher's box, six feet two inches of Scandinavian sinew. Wisps of his tow-colored hair straggled from under his cap.

He was blue of eye and pink and white of complexion, with an immobile countenance and a wooden expression which seemed to justify the Master Mind in declaring "the Swede had no goat to get."

Nelson held the ball poised above his head for a few seconds while the bleachers and stands were hushed. Then with a magnificent sweep of his long right arm he shot the first one across. Farrell, the leadoff man for the Mastodons, stood motionless as a statue as the ball thudded into the catcher's mitt.

"Strike one!"

The face of the Big Swede was absolutely expressionless. The rather blank blue eyes looked steadily at nothing as he concentrated on his work. Two strikes.

"Strike three! Batter out!" Farrell tossed aside his bat and shambled off to the Mastodon dugout.

"Where's your eye?" demanded the Master Mind as Farrell dropped into the dugout.

"Aw, I couldn't even see the ball," said Farrell sullenly. "I had to guess and you can't outguess lightning. Try and do it."

Heinie Schmidt cut at the first one and popped out feebly. Horgan struck out with three desperate swings. The Big Swede was outdoing himself.

II.

AS the first Mastodon stepped to bat in the third inning Patsy Dolan, Moose Horan, Caruso Carew, and Skeeter Shay lined up in the forward part of the dugout. Holding their left hands to their mouths, with their right hands extended, they proceeded to simulate a quartet of slide trombones.

As they moved their right hands back and forth in unison they imitated the sound of that essential brass. They chanted, "Ta ta, ta ta, ta ta. Ta ta, ta ta, ta ta."

The Big Swede was just about to start his mighty windup when the noise smote his ears. The dugouts in baseball parks make perfect sounding boards.

"Got him," said the Master Mind.

The Big Swede paused in the midst of the windup. His figure tautened and the placid face was flushed and distorted. Again he started the windup and the derisive chorus from the dugout rose crescendo. The Big Swede looked with a mute appeal in the direction of the umpire at first, Mr. Catfish Kamm.

Kid Dorgan walked out to him. "What's the matter?" he demanded.

The only reply was an inarticulate growl. The Swede wound up and flung the ball. Halligan met it fairly for a clean single to left. The phantom slide trombones continued to play. The sweep of the long right arm of the Big

Swede was wavering. Another Mastodon drove one on a line between short and second.

The Big Swede was blowing up, they said in the stands. The wires clicked bulletins to the waiting nation to the effect that the great Nelson had started to crack under the strain. The impish Maddigan at bat suddenly lifted his bottle shaped bludgeon and pretended that it was a slide trombone. With a growl of fury the Big Swede hurled the ball. It struck Maddigan on the hip. He simulated great agony as he limped ostentatiously to first base. Three on and nobody out.

At first base Maddigan imitated a trombone player. The two other Mastodons went through the same motions. This puzzled the occupants of the stands and the bleachers.

A little group of the Aborigines gathered around the pitcher's box. "What is the matter?" demanded Kid Dorgan again. The Big Swede only growled, "Go away."

Dippy Davenport, the Mastodon slugger, cut at the first one and drove the ball far into right field. That hit cleared the bases. It was a decided three bagger.

Practically all of the Aborigines gathered near the pitcher's box. The Big Swede was shaking as though smitten by an ague. Cataracts of perspiration ran down his distorted face.

Kid Dorgan motioned to the bull pen for a relief pitcher. Suddenly the Big Swede gave the sort of bellow that would come from the throat of a stricken bull. With one last gesture of rage and despair he hurled the ball over the grand stand and trotted out toward the dressing room.

A half hour before he had been a national idol. At that moment he was the national goat. A mighty chorus of booing smote his ears as he trotted out. Just as he reached out to open the gate in the wall of the outfield a freckled face youngster leaned down and shrilled, "Ya great big bum, ya." Bulletins concerning this national calamity flashed all over the world. The Big Swede had blown up.

Kid Dorgan made valiant efforts to rally the Aborigines and they did put up a stubborn battle, but the score of the first game was, Mastodons, 3; Aborigines, 0. They found the Big Swede slumped upon a stool in the dressing room when they came in. The players stripped and moved to their showers grouching.

Kid Dorgan approached the brooding figure of the Big Swede.

"What in hell was the matter, Nels?" he demanded.

The Big Swede groaned.

"Horns," he said. "Trombones and I think that I saw ghosts. I ban finished, I think."

"That's foolish. You just had a rush of nerves. Why, a world series game is only a ball game. Don't you know that? Get together."

There was an audible murmuring in the Mastodon dressing room next door. The partition was none too thick. Finally the murmur became a chorus. It ran:

I love you as I never loved before,
Since first I met you on the village green,
Come to me ere my dream of love is o'er.
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet—when you were sweet—six-teen.

The Big Swede leaped to his feet trembling.

"I can't stand it," he bellowed. "How did they know? I got to go away from those——"

Kid Dorgan looked at him searchingly.

"If you were a lush I'd say you had 'em," he observed. "But you are not. It's a brainstorm. Go away, then. Come back to the team Saturday. Say you're sick or anything you want. I'll fix that or I'll say your souper is lame and you're having the kinks taken out. Remember you're going to pitch Saturday and you're going to beat those——"

Those —— were still chanting the chorus as the Big Swede rushed from the clubhouse. He was recognized and the last words he heard were, "Ya big bum, ya."

III.

DURING the next few days the Big Swede wandered around the metropolis in all directions but the one that would take him to the ball park. He browsed in the Aquarium one entire afternoon until the attendants became curious. He stared at a tankful of gayly colored fish, seeing nothing, like a man hypnotized—and perhaps he was.

"Closing time," said an attendant. The Big Swede walked out like a man in a trance and proceeded uptown. As a bird is drawn by the glitter in the eyes of a snake he found himself drawn to Levy's Musical Instrument Store. Before the window he stood trembling but fascinated. There were brasses of all kinds, from the plethoric hellicons to the shining saxophones. There was a whole row of slide trombones, brazen and silver. The face of the Big Swede was as ghastly as the face of a murderer revisiting the scene of his crime.

He pressed his nose against the glass and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I SWING the slide trombone across his head, and it goes around it like a crown.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

stared at the instruments of torture that had twisted and torn his soul. He wanted to run but some mysterious force seemed to hold him. As though dazed he entered the store and walked toward a tow-headed girl behind the counter. He did not know why he was there or what he wanted. He looked at the girl without seeing her.

"Why, Nels," somebody was saying to him. Something seemed to snap and the film passed from the blank blue eyes of the Big Swede.

"Helga," he said. "Oh, Helga!"

"Nels, you do not look well," she said. "You have changed a lot, but I would know you anywhere. Oh, my poor Nels!"

"Helga, is it really you?" he said. "Or am I yust dreaming that I am back in Hellingsford, Minnesota."

"It's Helga, Nels," she said steadily. "Wait, we are closing up now. If you would like it we can talk when you are taking me home."

"Like it?" he said. "Oh, Helga!"

"You must take me to dinner," she said. "I think that you need some dinner, too. You look so thin and worried."

He halted a taxi and put her into it. "Oh, anywhere," he said. "No, drive to Olson's Restaurant on Broadway."

NELSON sat for a while in the corner of the cab with his fists clenched. His voice was strange and husky when he did speak.

"Helga," he said. "You didn't marry him then?"

"Marry?" she said. "Who?"

"Jensen, the barber," he growled.

"No," she said simply. "I married nobody. He would have been the last man in the world I would have married."

The Big Swede leaned back and laughed jovially but somewhat idiotically. "By God, now everything is all right. I go back tomorrow and I beat those fellows. I can beat the whole world."

"Nels, you talk crazy," she said. "I am afraid of you. No, I am not afraid of you. I am afraid for you."

"It is all right now, Helga," he said reassuringly. "Afterward you will see the joke."

"It was not such a good joke, Nels," she said when they were seated in a little alcove in Olson's Restaurant. "Why did you go like that? And then you never even wrote to me, and we were such good friends. Nels, that was not kind. That was cruel."

"Helga," he said, "it was all crazy. I was crazy. I am thinking back now to remember how it all was. It was the Fourth of July in Hellingsford, and there was the band concert in the square. I was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Weighs 71/2 lbs. A child can handle it.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

the slide trombone, and you were the prettiest girl in Hellingsford—yes, and in bigger places. Don't make me stop now, while I am remembering it all.

"Jensen the barber is the cornet and the band leader. He was always making eyes at you, Helga. Yes, he was. I am not saying that it was any way your fault. How could you help it that you were the prettiest little Swedish girl in all the State of Minnesota?

"It was a big day for me, Helga, because I had been practicing a new solo for the slide trombone. You remember it was on the program, 'Solo on the slide trombone by Mr. Nels Nelson.' The name of the piece was not there because I was keeping that a secret. It was a song only for you, and the name of it was 'When You Were Sweet Sixteen.' It was a very pretty piece, Helga, but it was not a bit pretty enough for the prettiest little Swedish girl in the United States. Don't stop me now, because I am right in the middle of things and it is coming to the ninth inning.

"I GO off the platform to get just one drink of punch, because my mouth is dry. I leave my trombone beside my chair. When I come back it is time for the slide trombone solo. I take my horn and I look at you. Then I blow, and nothing comes out of the horn. I blow harder, and nothing happens but I make a funny noise, and they start to laugh. Everybody is laughing. I look at you, and you, too, are laughing."

"I was not," she said, indignantly; "I was starting to cry."

"Well, anyhow, everybody is laughing, and I see everything red. Jensen is saying, 'Haw! Haw! Haw!' like a big jackass. I knew he did it. I swing the slide trombone across his head, and it goes around it like a crown. And then I went away. And now I am here, and you are here, and I got a big job to do tomorrow. I got to show forty thousand people that a Swede laughs last and he laughs the loudest.

"I said I never would come back to Hellingsford until I could have the last loud laugh. You will laugh with me, Helga."

"But you never even sent me word," she said, pouting.

"I was waiting until I could say to you that Mrs. Nels Nelson would be a somebody," he replied. "She will be, Helga. And so I am asking you to be Mrs. Nels Nelson, and you will see."

"But, Nels, after all these years——"

"There could be nobody else," he continued. "There is only one little Swedish girl in all the world. And I've been saving up. See."

Nels pulled out a bank book. "Look," he said. "There is thirty-four thousand one hundred and eighty-four dollars. And that is the start. We will drive back to Hellingsford in our own sedan and we shall have a good laugh, eh, Helga?"

"Nels," she said, "you couldn't save all of that money playing in a band."

He laughed uproariously.

"You will see," he said. "Here, you take these tickets and come out to the baseball park tomorrow. Don't ask me about it. And, Helga, on Monday we will go to the city hall and be married. Yes? Please, Helga."

"Maybe," she said a little shyly, "unless you run away again before then."

"Oh, Helga," he said reproachfully.

In the shadow of the taxicab he gathered her close to him, and the little tow head nestled in the hollow of his shoulder. Her waist was encircled by the most famous soupbone in professional baseball.

Mr. Kid Dorgan looked searchingly at the Big Swede when the prodigal reported at the clubhouse the next day. The insane strain was gone from his features. The pink and white face was restored to its normal woodenness. The blue eyes were as placid as the eyes of a cow.

"Mr. Dorgan," said the Big Swede, "I will go in there today and I will shut them out. I'll show them something today."

"You know that this is the deciding game, don't you?" demanded Dorgan. "You know the difference between the losers' and the winners' end?"

"I know it," said the Big Swede. "Also, I know that I need the winners' end."

Never since he had been with the Aborigines had the Big Swede boasted. Dorgan was a judge of men. He knew that the Big Swede was not boasting then, but that he was uttering a declaration of faith. Also, Dorgan had only three real pitchers, and the two others were spent.

IV.

THERE was some flurry of excitement when the Big Swede appeared with the Aborigines. The experts in the press stand started to guess. The bulletins went out to the effect that Kid Dorgan, in desperation, was prepared to send back the Big Bust as a forlorn hope to snatch the series from the Mastodons and the Master Mind. It was a very forlorn hope, they hinted.

As Nelson started to the warming-up station he was greeted derisively by some. Others, recalling that a week ago he was Nelson the Great, gave him a little faint applause. The Big Swede went quietly to his work, and the sweep of his great long arm sent the ball thudding into the catcher's mitt. Kid Dorgan stood behind the catcher for a few minutes, then nodded approval and walked away.

In the dugout of the Mastodons the Master Mind emitted a dry cackle.

"Now we've got them," he said. "They had to send back the goatless Swede. Is his present ready?"

"You bet," replied Patsy Dolan. "I arranged to have a messenger boy hand it to him just before the game starts."

"And how about our little orchestra?" demanded the Master Mind.

"They are planted in the upper stand, right by first base, in a box, and all set for the signal," replied the lieutenant, cheerfully.

"Then we will let the war go on," said the Master Mind. "This will be the swan song of the Big Swede."

THE special policemen started to clear the cameramen from the field. The Aborigines were walking out to their places. The Big Swede was moving to the pitcher's box when a messenger boy vaulted into the field and trotted up to him holding out an oblong package. An expert would have recognized the package as a trombone case. Nelson walked over to the Aborigines' dugout and, opening the case, looked at a slide trombone, a new and brightly polished bit of brass. He deposited it carefully on the bench and proceeded to the pitcher's box.

For the second time in the series, Farrell faced the Big Swede. Again Farrell stood motionless as the first one whizzed by into the mitt of Truck Eagan. When he returned to the Mastodon dugout after striking out, Farrell reported: "More speed than I ever saw in any league. If he hits anybody, he'll kill them."

"Wait," said the Master Mind. "He'll blow up when the music starts. You don't know your Bible, Farrell—how the walls of Jericho fell when the trumpets blew."

"I hope you start blowing, and that he starts blowing, too, before I get up there again. That's all I hope," said Farrell, sincerely.

Two Mastodons struck out in the first inning. In the second inning they cheered the Big Swede as he stepped into the pitcher's box. He seemed deaf. He concentrated on his work, his face wooden and his eyes blank and dreamy.

"Give him the music," said the Master Mind. "Let it go."

The mock quartet in the dugout moved forward and began their "Ta ra, rara rara." The Big Swede did not even look in their direction. He shot one across the plate as Dippy Davenport stood at bat. "Strike one!" called the umpire.

The mock quartet increased its volume. Every man in the Mastodon dugout simulated the playing of a slide trombone.

"Strike two!" called the umpire.

"Get the band upstairs going," ordered the Master Mind. Patsy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Dolan stepped outside the dugout and waved his hand. Instantly four men with slide trombones, located in a box above first base, arose and burst into the strains of When You Were Sweet Sixteen.

Then an amazing thing happened. The Big Swede turned toward the Mastodon dugout and grinned. It was a bland sort of grin. Then: "Strike three! Batter out!"

Again, as the Mastodons came to bat in the third inning, the slide trombones, real and imaginary, were called into play. Even the Master Mind came from the shadows and pretended to play a slide trombone.

The Big Swede grinned at the tormentors. Then, after reaching up to catch a pop fly that carried him toward first base, he paused and, facing the Mastodons, went through the motions of playing a slide trombone himself.

"Cut it out!" snapped the Master Mind. "The Swede has his goat back, and no trombones will get it loose. You've got to knock him out with your bats."

"How can you hit them when you can't see them?" demanded Farrell, with some semblance of logic.

The Master Mind became explosive.

"How in hell can I win a world series with a ball club made up of Dutchmen with their tails hanging down?" he demanded.

After that the Master Mind subsided into a corner of the dugout and glowered. It was his life ambition to win three world series in a row. That ambition was not to be gratified. He knew it as he watched the magnificent sweep of the right arm of the Big Swede. But the doom of his hopes was most apparent in the woodenness of that fair Swedish face. There was nothing that could ruffle or annoy Nels Nelson that afternoon.

AGAIN Nelson was the hero of the stands and the bleachers. As he came up in the ninth, with the Aborigines leading by 4 to 1, they were wild with enthusiasm. "Oh, you Big Swede!" they shouted. Nels Nelson looked only at the Mastodon batters.

There were two out. They struck out swinging wildly. The last batter drove one straight at the Big Swede. He caught it with his bare hand, then dashed for the Aborigines' bench as the contents of the grand stand spewed into the field and swirled over to the dugout.

The Big Swede seized the case and brought out the slide trombone. As he did he was lifted to the shoulders of four stalwarts. They carried him out into the field howling with delight. Thousands streamed behind him. Thousands more lingered in the stands to watch. Programs and newspapers torn to shreds fluttered down into the field.

The bearers of the Big Swede started to circle the diamond, going first in the direction of the deserted Mastodon dugout. Suddenly Nelson lifted the slide trombone to his lips and started to play. The crowd caught the tune, and some of them remembered the words. The others did the best that they could, and from a thousand throats came the maudlin old song:

I love you as I never loved before,
Since first I met you on the village green.
Come to me ere my dream of love is o'er.
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet—
when you were sweet—
six-teen.

NELS NELSON continued to blow his horn like a joy-mad young Norse god. Once around the field they carried him. Nelson lifted his horn and waved it at a tow-headed girl as he passed. Then they carried him to the entrance of the dressing rooms in center field, where they put him down, slapping him on the back and wringing his hand.

"Speech!" they demanded.

"All I got to say," said the Big Swede, "is that the Master Mind ain't thinking so good these days."

He darted into the dressing room, and the door was slammed after him. Inside, the Aborigines hugged him. They were in various stages of undress. Some of them came from under the showers and overwhelmed him with moist embraces. Kid Dorgan almost kissed him.

"Oh, you Swede!" he said. "You damned big fine old Swede! You put it over, doggone your thick Swede head and your thick Swede hide."

Nelson started to strip. Nude and sinewy, he leaped under a warm shower and hummed to himself as the water dripped down his broad back. The noise in the dressing room died down a little. Then the Swede became aware that there was an oppressive silence on the other side of the wall, where the beaten Mastodons were gathered.

He stepped from under the shower and hastily wrapped a big bath towel about his middle.

"Come on, fellows," he said. "I want you to listen to something."

Most of the Aborigines, in various stages of undress, followed him. He proceeded to the door of the Mastodon dressing room and flung it open.

The Master Mind, squatted on a bench, looked up at him and scowled. Other Mastodons gathered around, amazed at the intrusion.

"Listen," said Nels Nelson. "The Big Swede laughs last, and when he laughs he laughs like hell."

THE END

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submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon Liberty will pay the following big cash

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Ronaldo, a dapper young swain,
Went courting one night in the rain,
As he spoke of his love
A cloud burst above

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Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Issue of May 23)

This Week's Winners

who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of April 18. The Limerick read as follows:

The orchestra started to roar,
The dancers were out on the floor,
When out of the dark
Came a mad canine bark

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

The jazz "hound" was crying for more.

Written by JOSEPH J. CARMODY, 2800 South California Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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The trom "bone" is what he barked for.

Written by WALTER F. HOLTGREVE, Potomac Heights, District of Columbia.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

But 'twas only a cur-tailed encore.

Written by J. A. WHITTEN, Mountain Air Sanatorium, Phoenix, Ariz.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Said a wit: "Time to quit—dogs're sore."

Written by H. SCHMINCKE, General Motors Company, 845 Eleventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Which the orchestra stole for its score.

Written by MRS. DUDLEY TURNER, 117 Magnolia Street, Bradenton, Fla.

PRIZES:

FIRST	*SECOND*	*THIRD*	*FOURTH*	*FIFTH*
$250	$100	$75	$50	$25

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All last lines for this week's contest must reach us not later than midnight, May 30.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid; for the best last line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

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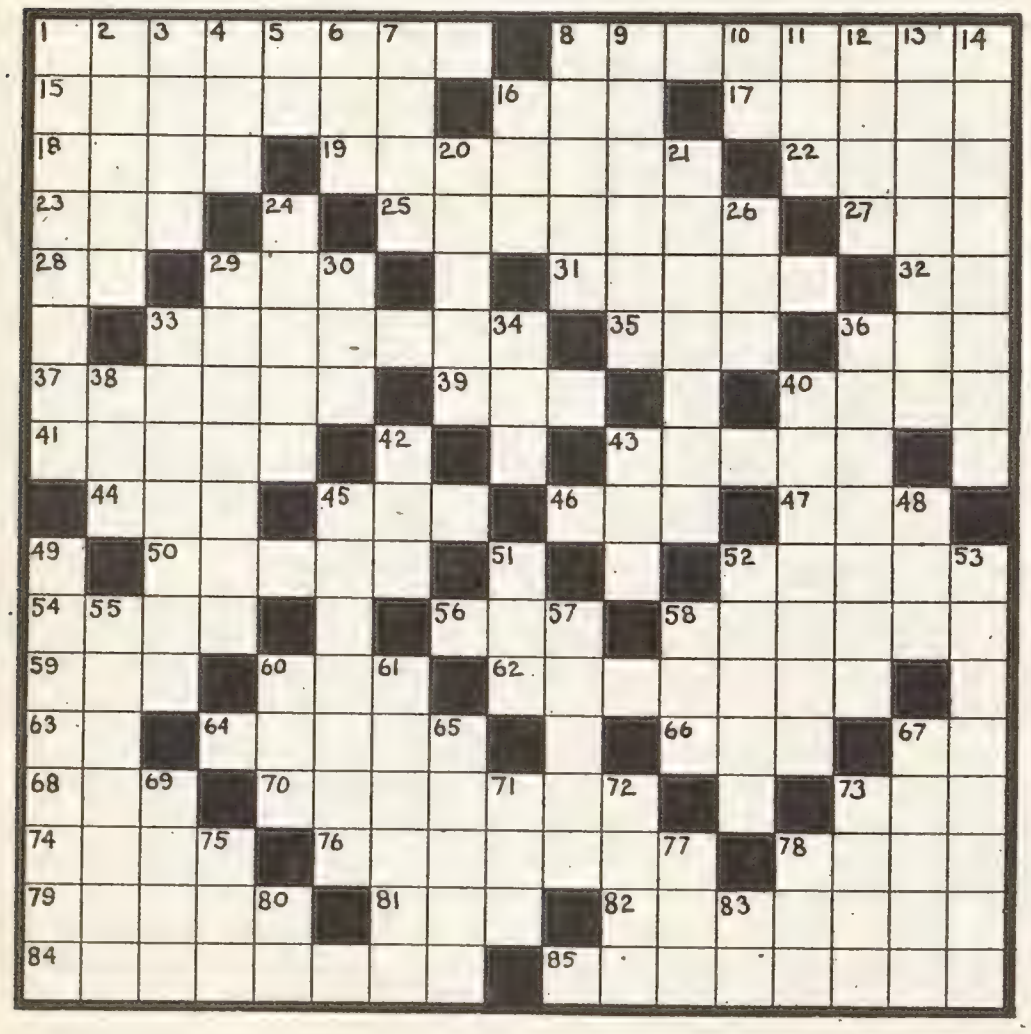
How's your Sherlock Holmes self today? Can you untangle this mystery, full of strange words and strange faces; of rude four-wheeled Russian wagons; of the Philippine tree used as a dyewood? It even features in its dark intrigue a Governor of Algiers. If you follow every clew you'll bag the villain and lock him securely in his black and white cage. But if he remains at large, if some clew stumps you, be sure to look for him in next week's Liberty.

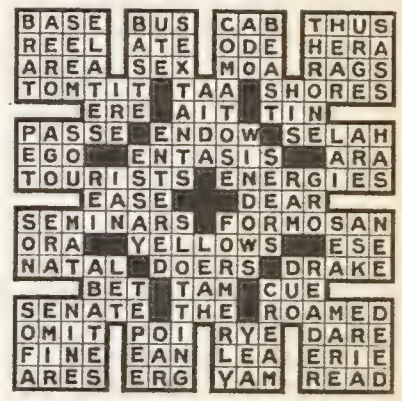


HORIZONTAL

1 Scorn
8 Plotters
15 One of the constituent parts of anything
16 Because
17 To earn by service or performance
18 A speech defect
19 Having a general likeness
22 Long hall in a cruciform church
23 A Siamese coin
25 Inhabitant of any country
27 Respectful title
28 An old form of "the"
29 Artful; crafty
31 Rot
32 Half the width of an em
33 Rude four-wheeled Russian wagons
35 A certain period of light
36 A form of the verb "to be"
37 Lacking breadth of mind or disposition
39 Asiatic bean used for making sauce
40 Exclamation expressive of sorrow
41 A sauce for meats
43 Swagger
44 East Indian coin
45 A cooking vessel
46 Existed
47 Moisture condensed on the surface of cool bodies
50 To pry into the affairs of others
52 Electrical conductors
54 To send forth
56 A small flap
58 Dormant
59 To rot or injure by exposure
60 Aged
62 Minor deity
63 Alternative
64 To trim or dress as a bird does with its feathers
66 By; in place of
67 To partake of existence
68 Moral error
70 Enclosed or surrounded with something solid
73 Remote
74 To revise or amend, as material for publication
76 Tested
78 A levee
79 Mixture of wine and other ingredients served hot
81 A Governor of Algiers
82 Navigator
84 Intensified
85 Degree of quality

VERTICAL

1 Retarding
2 The socially superior
3 That on which anything leans for support
4 Little, malignant spirit
5 A point of the compass
6 A word used with "outs"
7 Auditory
8 Compact
9 Maddened
10 A printer's measure
11 Pieces or counters used in chess
12 Periods of time
13 A fashionable region of France and Italy along the Mediterranean
14 Most relentless
16 Suitable
20 In Greek mythology: a king whose touch turned all to gold
21 Retracts
24 Substance composed of two or more metals
26 Negative
29 Employee
30 A tree
33 Passage over or through
34 To soak up
36 Changed
38 A Southern constellation
40 Listener
42 Soft food for infants or invalids
43 Droop
45 Mass of small spores in seed plants (plural)
48 Cyst
49 A product of petroleum
51 Rabid
52 Carries on, as a war
53 Those who guide
55 A city in Connecticut
57 To slope the edge or surface of
58 Flaring edge of a hollow vessel
60 Mass containing metal
61 A period of time
65 Entitled
67 Dries or hardens by means of heat
69 Near
71 To discover at a distance
72 Prefix; half
73 Delicate; refined
75 Philippine tree used as a dyewood
77 A man's name shortened
78 Noise
80 Stannum (chemical abbr.)
83 Syllable applied to a note of the scale



Answer to Puzzle No. 28

A Brilliant Novel of Modern Parents, Amazing Children, and Society's New Moral Code

SHE did not speak. But she sank to her knees beside him and put one of his big hands to her trembling lips.

The Unforgivable Sin

FINAL INSTALLMENT OF

KATHLEEN NORRIS' *Latest Serial*

Pictures by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

FORBES awakened late in the afternoon, and Judy went in to sit beside him. He looked rested, flushed, and sleepy as a boy, as he lay in the pillows with his hands locked behind his head, and Judy thought she would like to go kneel beside him, and kiss him, and put her arms about him, as she might have done a day or two ago.

But the thought of what lay between them was heavy on her heart, and she merely seated herself at the bedside, facing him, and smiling her affection and sympathy into his blinking eyes.

"Just awake?"

"No—I've been lying here thinking, and White brought me some coffee. I feel *great*," Forbes said. "I'm going to get up, and go in and see mother—wait a minute!"

He opened the drawer of the little table beside his bed, and put an old photograph into Judy's hand. A photograph perhaps twenty years old, of a young woman with a great puff of soft hair pushing upward an enormous cartwheel of a hat, and a gown that flared widely away from a wasp waist.

"That's a woman I used to know named Edith," Forbes stated simply. Judy looked at the picture, looked at him, looked back at the picture again. "She's dead now," Forbes went on. "She was a great beauty, in her day—she had an old husband she eventually divorced, and she remarried—we all lost sight of her. She was at Newport several seasons, when I was in college."

He lay looking at his wife, and Judy looked at him. Presently Forbes took the picture, and tore it in small pieces, throwing them on the breakfast tray that stood on the other side of the bed.

"Well, that's all," he said. "I've been lying here thinking——"

Silence. The eyes of husband and wife met expectantly.

"You know how rotten I am at talking," Forbes said youthfully, then. "This is what I'm trying to say:

"You can give me a divorce if you want to, Judy. You can go to Reno, and we'll settle everything without a scandal—if it would make you feel any better. But the minute you're free——

"The minute you're free," he repeated, with an effort, tears in his smiling eyes, "I'll come right after you again. I'll follow you around just as I did in Paris, eight years ago, and you'll have to take me on again."

SHE did not speak. But she sank to her knees beside him and put one of his big hands to her trembling lips.

"The—the reason I told you about Edith," Forbes began again, somewhat awkwardly, distressed by her emotion, and trying to ignore it, "is that I wanted you to know that—that I broke the code, too, Judy. And I hadn't your excuse. I didn't love her—she didn't love me. She was beautiful, twelve years older than I was; she always had a couple of young boys in tow, and was always talking about

'her boys.' She was—*rotten.* But for two seasons we had—we had a sort of secret. I used to think it was manly—God knows why. We'd meet at dinners, we'd play tennis—everyone watching us. And then she'd just casually murmur, perhaps at a tea——

"Ah, but she was *rotten!*" he broke off, his eyes faintly contracted, his gaze upon space. "Forget her!

"The thing is this, Judy: We've both broken the code, you and I—but we *knew* it. The time came when I was pretty sick at myself, remembering Edith. The time came when I would have given a year of my life——"

"Ah," she breathed, almost in a wail, as he paused. "Don't I know that time!"

"Well. Has it—has that thing, made me a bad man for all time, Judy, and you a bad woman?" the man asked simply. "You know it hasn't!" he exclaimed, as she did not speak.

Her eyes were brimming, her voice was unsteady, and as she spoke she kept her eyes on his hand, wet with her tears.

"Forbes, I have hoped—I have prayed that it would not!"

"You, praying to be a good woman," he said, trying to laugh. "Why, you're the best woman I know!"

"And you're the best man I know," Judy whispered, his simple, boyish face seen through rockets and stars as she smiled at him.

"The night Jack was born," Forbes said, "when they told me you were so ill—when I'd been listening, walking up and down that cursed hospital hall for hours—and when you smiled — and said to me, 'Have you seen John Forbes Third?'"

Tears mastered him, although he was smiling, and he put his hand over his eyes.

"And you said," Judy added, her glorious dark eyes dry now, and her voice almost reverent, "You said, 'John Forbes nothing! *This* is the one I'm worrying about, doctor! Let me stay here beside my girl.'"

She stopped abruptly, choked.

"That's still all that I want!" Forbes said.

And for a few minutes they were silent, their hands locked, their faces close together.

"WE'RE human, Judy," Forbes said after a while, in a tone of deep peace and relief. "We've both done things we're sorry for—I suppose we'll do more. But the code is there, just the same. We do believe in God, and goodness, and self-control.

"Why, Judy, we're different human beings from what we were when we were twenty! You nursed wounded men all through the most awful war of all history."

"You got your decoration," Judy whispered, laughing tremulously.

"And then our love for each other—our kids, mother's illness, all the books we've read, the talks and walks we've had," Forbes pursued. "Those count. You're *you*—the finest, the loveliest, the sanest woman I ever knew—I couldn't go one step without you! If you'd murdered somebody, back there before the war, and had grown to be what you are today, I'd know that you were the best mother any kids could have!

"Why, last night," he went on, as Judy, looking at him fixedly, was silent, "last night, when I was sick with worry and shame, wondering why fathers didn't kill little kids like our Mary Kate, rather than have them grow up to that—that brothel Suzanne and Jim and all the rest of them were dancing in last night, you said the only thing I've ever heard that lets light in. You said that we would have to draw the line of demarcation clearer, let them know that they must choose our way or the other!

"Go out of their father's and mother's house," he said decidedly. "Choose the hip flasks and the cigarettes and the rest of it, once and for all. Or take what we can give them: books and fires and walks and horses and dogs and friendships."

"And us," Judy added, in a whisper, her eyes' exalted look uplifted, as if, so kneeling beside her children's father, she dedicated herself to them as her life-work. "They get—us."

"We'll have to be pioneers, Judy," he said. "It won't be easy! But when, last night, at that road house, where we found those two young people—as we found them," Forbes added grimly, "and when, after Suzanne had had twelve hours of steady dancing and drinking and flirting and smoking, after being ill, and changing her clothes and plunging into it again, that doctor, roused out of his sleep, congratulates us that we were 'in time'——

"BY George, something broke in my head then! I saw the whole thing clear. And I said to myself, 'We may make our mistakes. But nobody is ever going to congratulate me that Mary Kate has been saved on *those* grounds!'"

"There must be some way to make them realize, as they grow, that they must choose—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"OH, *good morning everybody! or good afternoon or something. I know I'm perfectly disgraceful! But we certainly had one gorgeous time last night!*"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

that it's their problem—that there's no compromise," Judy said.

"We can begin now, as soon as we go back to the country," Forbes said with decision. "And for the rest, what I told you of Edith this morning, and what that fellow told me day before yesterday," he added, in his characteristically hesitating way, "it's over. It's forgotten. Let's bury it forever, with all the school-day mistakes, and the nursery mistakes, for that matter! Kiss me," he said, with a sort of boyish relief in the change of topic, "and go tell mother I'm dressing, and tell me if you love me as much as you did that day in the *Place*, when we fed the pigeons, and you said that if you ever married at all you were going to marry an American, if the war ever ended!"

SHE laid her lovely face against his, and he felt her cheek wet.

"As much as that? Forbes, Forbes, that wasn't even a dress rehearsal! What did I know of love then?" she said.

"Oh, one other thing, Judy," Forbes said, as she turned away. "Jim will probably feel rotten, when he wakes, and want to make a sneak for home. So I may telephone Ellen that he'll go up tonight. And I suppose we'll have to give Rhoda some idea of what has been going on. It doesn't seem fair to keep her utterly in the dark."

"Forbes, if it crushes her?"

"Well, if it does, what can we do?"

"I don't know," Judy said fearfully, "that I can find the words! A little girl is such a precious thing—Rhoda's heart is simply wrapped up in Suzanne! Suzanne's prospects—Suzanne's marriage—that's all Rhoda can talk about! However, I'll see her tomorrow."

She went away, to stand, when she reached her own room, staring absently out of her window into the park. The green omnibuses were lumbering by, people were walking up and down the sidewalks, there was more green on the willows today even than yesterday. Shafts of dying soft spring sunlight lay graciously over the world.

Judy felt in her heart the peace that only confession and forgiveness can put there. She had been absolved, generously, truly, by the husband she loved. Her sin was forgiven, was blotted away forever.

Yet there was a flush on her cheek that was not all joy, a bitter little curve to the firmly closed mouth. Because of ten golden, unthinking days when love had found her at nineteen, in all the horror and grime and insanity of war, she must humbly accept this pardon; she must be the sinning woman, forgiven.

She wondered, standing there, why she felt more shame in the forgiveness than in the sin. When she thanked Forbes for his generosity, and it was true generosity, coupled with an exquisite tact and gentleness of which she had hardly fancied him possessed, then did she not tacitly admit that she had put herself outside the pale of good women?

Outside the pale. She, who had always been so self-controlled, so stern with herself, so hungry only for fineness and goodness. Her hours over books, her solitary walks and talks during those war years, her self-sacrifice and service—why, these had sometimes surprised even herself! She had not known herself capable of so heroic a life.

Always fresh and cheerful, always ready to help, always reserved, Judy Trezavant had been the model nurse of her unit. It was Judy who could pray with the boys, Irish, Italian, or Brooklyn born, and it was Judy who could play with them, too. Lotto and parchesi, and twenty questions, when the hard afternoon hours began in the wards, and the bandages chafed, and the time for anæsthetics had not yet arrived.

They had fallen madly, desperately in love with her—scores of them, and she had been proud of her own easy aloofness, her joyous indifference to *that* sort of thing! Until Etienne.

And with Etienne it had been loving and serving still, only now with no reserves and no calculations.

"If I could find some good old woman we might be together during my leave!" he had hinted so wistfully. And Judy, leaning against the uniform that was to be rolled bloodily over an enemy field in a few short weeks, had clung to him fiercely.

"What, in God's name, has an old woman to do with us, my dearest?" she had demanded. And always in her ears, when she remembered this hour, would ring Etienne's ecstatic, "Ah, Judy, now you make me know I live!"

And for that the best husband, the most generous, had today forgiven her.

He might have taken the children she had borne, her living, warm, dear little children, away from her, never to see their mother again. She might never again have taken Mary Kate from Mollie's arms, to bathe her and powder her, and watch her collapse into contented sleep over her noonday bottle. Jack and Cyrus, hard-cheeked, incoherent with excitement over the tree last Christmas, might by next Christmas have forgotten that they ever had a mother. Such things had happened, were happening all the time. Forbes might have decreed that the lovely Mrs. Rogers, the admired and imitated and envied, might have been sent out into the world, branded an outcast, all but penniless.

But Forbes, out of the goodness and bigness of his heart, had seen fit to forgive her.

WELL, she must thank God for it. The strain was over, and she was more than ever secure in her exalted place, closer than ever to her husband. And meanwhile, here was this problem of Suzanne to consider. Judy began to muse upon the phrases in which she should tell Rhoda about Suzanne.

"Rhoda, something happened last night," she imagined herself saying. "Something that was foolish and stupid, though it fortunately had no consequences."

Would Rhoda be furious, or would she faint, as the full sordid story was unfolded, and the fair name of her only child branded by these old friends? Judy shook her head. She could not do it.

"Perhaps Suzanne herself will tell her mother—that would be much the best," Judy reflected, when she had changed her gown and was crossing the upper hall at five o'clock to spend the tea-hour with her husband's mother. She wondered if Suzanne were yet awake, where Jim was, what had become of Forbes.

It was startling to find Forbes comfortably loafing beside his mother's fire, Jim quite sober and very handsome, deep in another chair, trifling with a magazine, and Rhoda Carolan herself, a little train-tired, but reporting a most enjoyable visit to Washington, and grateful to the Rogerses for their hospitable care of Suzanne.

"Hello, Judy dear, you're sinfully lovely in that gorgeous color!" Rhoda said, extending a ringed hand over the back of her chair. "I've just gotten in, and I'm only going to be here a moment. I want to see Sue."

Judy, smiling, and taking her place at the tea-table, sent a fleet interrogative glance at Forbes. Forbes faintly shrugged.

The old lady was in good spirits, watching the handsome, nonchalant Rhoda amusedly, as Rhoda stirred her tea and leaned back in her chair.

"Tea, Jim?" Judy asked.

"Thanks awfully, Aunt Judy, but not just now."

"Terrible thing these youngsters did last night," Rhoda said now, briskly disapproving. "Jim's just been telling me about it. I don't think it's funny and I don't think it's cute," Rhoda added decidedly, "and I'm really cross at Suzanne. I said to her, 'All very well, with Jim Saterlee; you've known him since you were born. But suppose it had been somebody less trustworthy!'"

"Oh, you've seen Suzanne this afternoon?" Judy, after a stunned look at Forbes, said dazedly.

"I'VE just been in there. She told me the whole thing," Rhoda answered. "Just put another lump in there, Judy," she interrupted herself, extending her cup. "Yes, and I gave the young lady a good scolding," resumed Rhoda. "'The idea!' I said, 'A girl your age running about after midnight—anything might have happened to you!' Really, I do think it's disgraceful—that's lettuce, and I'm scared to death of lettuce, now there's so much typhoid talk," Rhoda diverged again.

"Cheese—that's better. I oughtn't to be eating at all. No, but really," she said, frowning, "I'm disgusted with that sort of thing, and I'm surprised at Suzanne. She said she just suddenly got an idea that she wanted to see Aunt Katharine—I never heard of anything so silly! Yes, and I mean this for you, young man," Rhoda added, with a half-reproachful, half-humorous look for Jim, "you all dance too much, and eat too much, and drink too much, and it's *ridiculous!*"

"Judy never told me a word of it," the old lady said, diverted. "What on earth did they *do* last night?"

"Oh, nothing at all, really," Rhoda said, impatiently, "except that Judy and Forbes were worried when they didn't come straight home; and had to go out and get them—such a nuisance! I told Suzanne this morning I didn't want to hear any more of such nonsense. She can wait until she gets married before she tries such crazy notions! I don't want anything to happen in my house such as happened in poor Dorothy's."

"Heaven forbid!" the older Mrs. Rogers exclaimed piously.

"Well, exactly!" Rhoda said, in a sort of triumph. "I hate to scold," she added; "but after all, you know, there's such a thing as *noblesse oblige*. I've always been ridiculously careful with Suzanne—some of the girls laugh at me about it—very well, I can't help it. It's the way I was brought up, and it's the way she's going to be. She was crying this morning, and she said to me, 'Didi, I didn't mean any harm!' 'Of course you didn't,' I said, 'but the point is that you worried Forbes and Judy, and were ill and upset yourself—and it's *silly*.' I told her she had to thank you and Forbes for taking such good care of her, Judy, and I really do appreciate it, darling."

Again Judy's looks, impassive and unrevealing, met Forbes, but except for a casual word of deprecation, neither spoke.

"I really think the whole trouble was that she ate something that poisoned her at Minnie's dinner," Rhoda resumed comfortably. "She just felt sick and she said she kept think-

ing of the cool waves down at Aunt Katharine's, and how she would love to be in them. She's all right this afternoon, except that she's sleepy. What time did you all get to bed?"

Forbes pursed his lips, frowned as if considering. Judy hesitated.

"Oh, it was—well, almost morning."

"Ah, well then, no wonder the kiddy's tired," Rhoda commented. "But I don't care, if she had a good time!"

Judy had a horrible fear that she was going to laugh. She looked into her cup, her lips trembling. And at that moment the door opened and Suzanne came in, in a short frock of Alice blue, with a blue hat with a narrow turned-up brim, whose curled silvery feather rested on her shoulder. Fluffy silvery furs were slung loosely about her slim shoulders, she wore silver stockings, and carried a silver bag and new long white gloves from which the protecting tissue paper drifted as she entered the room.

Her hazel eyes were as fresh as brown wind-lilies, her round, baby cheeks peach-color, her lips soft and young and scarlet. Against the brim of her hat her golden hair sprang up in firm, babyish curls, there were big pearls in her small ears, and a rosy, short string of them accented the slender whiteness of her throat.

"Oh, good morning, everybody!" said the soft little poured-out voice, happily, "or good afternoon or something," amended Suzanne. "I know I'm perfectly disgraceful! But we certainly had one gorgeous time last night!"

SHE bent over the old lady and gave her a fragrant kiss. Mrs. Rogers clung to the little hand, as if she tried to hold for herself something of youth and beauty and springtime.

"Did they tell you how disgracefully we acted?" Suzanne, subsiding on a hassock at the invalid's knee, asked with a pretty and wide-eyed penitence. "I'm so horribly ashamed of myself—and Didi's been riding me—and I can't look Jim in the face."

And as she spoke she brought her full innocent gaze to rest upon Jim, and they, and all the others, laughed.

"I deserve to be shot at dawn," Suzanne added. "No tea, thanks, Mrs. Rogers. Jim and I are supposed to be going out."

"Now where are you going, and when will you be home?" Rhoda Carolan demanded severely, with spirit. "I want to know *exactly* what your plans are, for you're going to the Hazzards' tonight, and it's a small party, and you're to get there on the minute."

"We're going to the Regent, and I'll be in the house at seven," Suzanne, now standing, answered dutifully.

"Well, now, see that you *are*," said her mother, with a great air of discipline.

"Good-by, Mrs. Rogers, and I hope you're better soon, and a thousand thanks for giving me such a gorgeous time," Suzanne bleated in her little toneless voice, as she kissed her old hostess again. "And good-by, Beautiful One, and so many thanks, I know I was terrible," she said to Judy. "I wish you'd let me call you Judy some day, but perhaps you think I have an awful nerve. Good-by, Mr. Rogers. Come on, Jim."

She gave him a confident, mysterious, uplifted look, caught his hand. They were gone.

"Don't they have the wonderful times!" Rhoda commented, half-admiring and half-envious. "I declare, one is jealous of the girls nowadays, Judy. They have no false prudery, they have a perfectly simple, honest good time, they're not afraid—as we were!—and I think in the long run they make better wives and mothers than the dear old Victorians did! It isn't," she added, perhaps dimly conscious of the fact that Forbes was struck speechless, and that in Judy's steady, sympathetic smile there was something a little strained, "it isn't as if there was any *harm* in it, you know."

"No harm at all," the old lady commented, contentedly. "Girl's just as sweet as a rose, and as innocent as our Mary Kate."

"What would you call *harm*, Rhoda?" Forbes asked in his boyish voice, merely curious.

The other woman looked at him sharply, set down her cup.

"You know perfectly well that there are a few things women are not forgiven, Forbes," she answered, a little annoyed. "I mean—those things."

"Then the rest, supposing it exists—supposing that drinking and eating and dancing and familiarity and independence are carried to excess—all that doesn't matter?" Forbes pursued, quite unaffectedly interested.

"Well—that's youth. Extravagance and too much excitement and pleasure isn't the—the unforgivable sin, Forbes," Mrs. Carolan reasoned stoutly, looking at him between her fingers as she lighted her cigarette. "That's different. Everyone admits that."

She was a stout, florid woman, with rather prominent eyes—a woman who always breathed a little sterterously in her harness-like corsets. Her hair was dyed and curled, her face thick with powder and rouge, her lips stiff with paint. Good-hearted, harmless, an affectionate mother in her own way, Rhoda Carolan lived exactly the life of her type—a life intelligently devoted to her own and her child's personal beauty, to dressmakers and hatmakers, to bridge-playing, dinner-giving, dancing, traveling, amusements of all sorts. Conscious that she herself had never technically erred, she looked with righteous dignity at Judy for support. Thus have virtuous women looked toward virtuous women since civilization began.

AND Judy, slim, dark, simple, absorbed by the thousand claims and duties of wifehood and motherhood—Judy, who gave of her own great heart to husband and children, servants, mother-in-law, charities, dependents, during every waking hour of her life, felt a quiver of something like laughter deep within her soul as she returned the look.

"Isn't that so, Judy?" Rhoda demanded, almost pathetically.

Judy's look flickered toward Forbes, came dutifully back.

"That's the law, Rhoda," she admitted.

She leaned back in her chair. It was pleasant here in the big luxurious room, with the spring day dying outside over a wilted city, and violets on the tea table. The responsibility for Suzanne was over. Jim would be gone, too, in a day or two; the night, the dawn, the fat-faced, kindly doctor, the trip home with Suzanne in her lap, were all over, gone like a dream. Life would go on unbroken—undisturbed.

Suddenly she laughed, briefly, softly.

Rhoda looked at her uneasily.

"After all, my dear," she said tolerantly, "they'll only be young once!"

Half an hour later, leaving the room, Forbes and Judy met the children, fresh, sweet, and in their usual giddy spirits, coming down to say good night to grandma before dinner. Mary Kate crowed wildly in her nurse's arms, the little boys, with wrappers over their pajamas, slippers on their dancing feet, and hair curled and damp from their baths, surrounded their parents enthusiastically.

Judy knelt for the damp, wild kisses, strained against her breast the bobbing little heads. She looked up at Forbes, without words, and Forbes, who had the baby in his arms, looked back at her significantly.

"Yes," he said, with his good, simple smile, "I guess it's time to take a chance, Judy. Our forefathers did it, cut away from all the old landmarks—and we're proud of them! You and I and the kids had better engage passage on the Mayflower!"

THE END

HANGED *or* FREED—*by a* KISS

That's the startling climax of

LIBERTY'S NEW SERIAL,

Madame Judas

By Margaret Turnbull

MARGARET TURNBULL,

who wrote Madame Judas, is the author of the successful play and motion picture, Classmates. Among her other novels are Looking After Sandy, Handle with Care, and The Close-Up. The daughter of a justice of the peace in Arlington, New Jersey, ambitious to write a novel around a dramatic legal situation, she became a constant visitor at famous courtroom trials in London, New York, and Philadelphia. Madame Judas is the result.

YOU'VE never read anything just like this narrative of a courtroom—another gripping novel by the talented author of Classmates.

Here you'll meet young Gilbert Eliot, on trial as a poisoner, who inexplicably refuses to testify in his own behalf; Andrew Dickerson, celebrated lawyer for the defense; Laura Fairlie, Dickerson's most dangerous opponent—beautiful, with the eyes of a child, yet the storm center of tragedy.

Was Gilbert Eliot, or another, the real murderer? Read the first installment of MADAME JUDAS *in next week's Liberty. You'll find it an engrossing story.*

Albert Davis Collection Photo

How the Old Lion looked when the world last saw him in fighting trim—John L. as he appeared on the night of his defeat by Corbett in 1892. Although shaving off his mustache gave the champion a youthful appearance, the hint of a paunch and the roll of fat above the belt presaged that age and drinking had prepared him for his downfall.

TOMMY BURNS JIM JEFFRIES

Five title-holders, spanning twenty-eight years of pugilistic history! Sullivan was king of the heavyweights from 1882 until 1892, when he lost to Corbett. Corbett's reign ended in 1897, thanks to a solar plexus knockout by Fitzsimmons. Jeffries wrested the crown from Fitzsimmons in 1899, and held it until

John L.

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

THE previous installments told the story of Sullivan's boyhood in Roxbury, Massachusetts; of his winning the heavyweight championship of the world; his subsequent battles and escapades; his voyage to Europe; his memorable fight with Jake Kilrain, and his tour of the country with a theatrical company. On this tour he engaged in a friendly three-round bout with James J. Corbett, a rising young boxer of San Francisco. Later the sporting world was electrified by Sullivan's challenge issued to Corbett, Frank Slavin, and Charlie Mitchell.

THE country went wild when Sullivan emerged from his two years of ring idleness with his famous challenge to Corbett, Slavin, and Mitchell. Corbett, who was on the stage at the time, showed himself the most enterprising in the matter of digging up the $10,000 side bet John demanded. He had some difficulty in raising the first $2,500, as few of the sporting fraternity thought he had a chance, but he got it at last, and the match was arranged in a New York newspaper office. The date was set for September 7.

While Corbett was training at Asbury Park, New Jersey, with Billy Delaney in charge of his camp, and Sullivan was making his headquarters at Canoe Place Inn, Good Ground, Long Island, off Shinnecock Bay, with Phil Casey supervising his preparation, the country was eager for every bit of news it could get. Traffic actually was demoralized in front of newspaper offices and barrooms which displayed bulletins from the training camps. An orgy of betting swept the land, with Sullivan the favorite up to the day of the fight at odds running from 10 to 1 to 3 to 1.

Sullivan and Corbett reached New Orleans with their entourages about the first of September, John L. as guest of the Young Men's Club and Corbett winding up his training at the Southern Athletic Club. And on Wednesday night, September 7, 1892, the Olympic Club was jammed—but no more packed than was every street corner in the country where bulletin boards with returns from the fight were displayed—when John L. and Jim Corbett entered the ring to stage the most dramatic and thrilling heavyweight battle ever served to a fight-mad world up to that time.

There has never been anything in the annals of prize fighting to surpass the excitement when Professor John Duffy, the club's official referee, called Sullivan and Corbett to the center to give them their instructions.

The crowded amphitheater riveted its ten thousand pairs of eager eyes on the proceedings in the ring. John L. had ruled the world of fistiana for ten years and seven months to the day. He stood there under the shaded lights, sturdy, muscled, tanned, in splendid condition save for a slightly protruding paunch, heirloom of a thousand drinking bouts, and those tell-tale rolls of fat on the hips, fatal bustles of flesh for the man who must employ speed on his errand.

Standing beside him was a striking specimen of athletic perfection. Tall, slender, graceful, jiggling his feet in the resin as a thoroughbred prances to the barrier, Gentleman Jim was an ominously beautiful figure in the eyes of those who had plunged their bank rolls, as they safely had for thirteen years, on the champion of champions.

Corbett, it cannot be denied, brought into pugilism the finest intellect the game has known. And while he may not have heard of the word "psychology," instinct taught him to use it with devastating effect on the morale of the grim old warrior facing him.

Sullivan, who had cowed his opponents with a frown, was discomfited by this young man's behavior. Instead of awe and uncertainty, Jim was staring boldly into the gray eyes that were to turn black for the last time in the

JOHN L. SULLIVAN JIM CORBETT BOB FITZSIMMONS

his retirement in 1905. Burns whipped Hart, to whom Jeffries had surrendered his title, in 1906, and lost to Jack Johnson in 1908. The champions were photographed when they and the world of fistiana gathered in Reno, Nevada, July 4, 1910, to witness Jeffries' vain attempt to recover the title from Johnson.

© Dana Photos

Albert Davis Collection Photo

James J. Corbett as he appeared on his night of greatest triumph—September 7, 1892, when he dethroned John L. Sullivan as king of the heavyweights! As the photograph shows, Corbett was in the pink of form, trained to the minute for the part of "dancing master" with which he tired out the Old Lion before administering the final blow.

Sullivan

TENTH INSTALLMENT

DOWN to DEFEAT

By JOE DORNEY,

Sullivans' Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and

SID SUTHERLAND

ring. And instead of deferring to his wishes in the matter of interpreting the Queensberry rules, as all other adversaries had, Corbett was interrupting the champion and contradicting him with easy insolence.

"Now, see here," John growled at the referee. "You say that in a clinch we must——"

"Oh, to hell with that!" Corbett butted in. "What difference does it make? The only time we'll be in a clinch is when you grab me to keep on your feet, and then I'll know what to do without any orders from Duffy."

"Say, you young——" Sullivan roared, only to stand speechless as Corbett patted him patronizingly on the shoulder and said:

"Just a minute, Jack; there's a friend of mine over here I want to tell what round to bet it ends in."

It was the first time Sullivan had ever been called Jack in such a tone, and he watched, still nonplused, as Corbett skipped lightly over to the ropes, leaned through them, and shook hands with his friend. With an oath Sullivan turned abruptly and went to his corner. Disdaining even to glance toward the champion, Corbett strolled back to his own corner.

Then Duffy motioned to the timekeeper, the house became deathly silent, and the gong clanged—a brazen summons to the old order and the new era to meet, a metallic tolling over the slugging school and a welcoming peal to the boxing stylists of today.

At the first rattle of the clapper John L. bolted from his corner, eyes flashing, arms swinging, to annihilate his mocking foe. When he was a yard away, with Corbett's chin, unprotected, within easy range of his right glove, he turned it loose—and almost pitched on his face. He had missed the target by two feet! Growling, he checked his momentum, whirled, and smashed with left and right at the grinning mouth a scant two feet away. To his astonishment, he failed to land. Corbett had simply arched his body and withdrawn his head from the deadly arc.

Sullivan stepped back, hesitated a second, and then leaped forward, driving with both hands at the body and face which seemed like dancing shadows, so elusive were they before his futile fury.

He did not hit the younger man once in the whole round! And he had winded himself by vain pursuit and strenuous flailing which had profited him not at all. Nor had Corbett laid his gloves on the champion, contenting himself with taking an inventory of the old fighter's deadly but meager arsenal.

Jeers ushered Corbett to the center for the second. The throng, standing on the threshold of a new period and not recognizing the beautiful efficiency of the superboxer, demanded action: for Corbett to stand still and slug. But the Native Son had no idea of thus inviting extinction. As if bent on befuddling the raging titleholder, he altered his methods with every scrimmage.

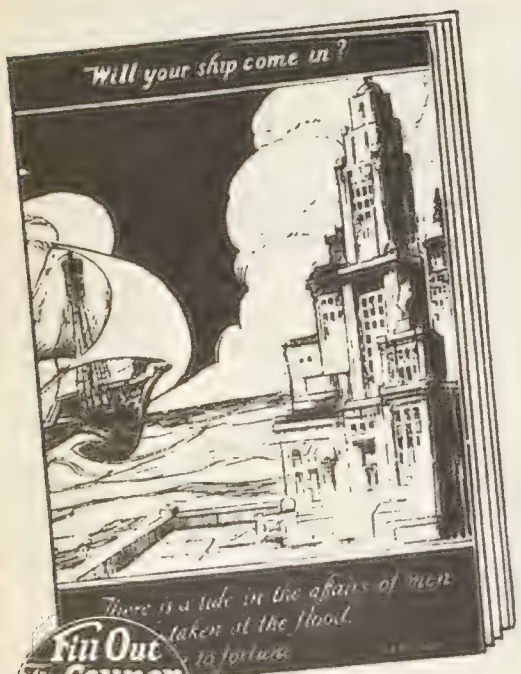
In this round Corbett showed Sullivan and the spectators something they had never dreamed of in the way of parrying savage blows with frailer forearms. Then he showed them what ducking might be, when employed by a master boxer, standing flat-footed and making John miss his face by bobbing his head until the exhibition became a farce.

In the third round the footwork was so dazzling that Sullivan was like a bewildered buffalo stumbling aimlessly about in quicksand. Then a sample of in-fighting in clinches of something brand new in the way of tying up a stronger man's arms, in the pressing of a forearm across the windpipe till John's face became purple in his struggles to free himself.

"Stand and fight like a man, you damned monkey!" bellowed the tiring Strong Boy near the end of the fourth round, after Corbett had displayed his wonderful skill in retreat, backing around the ring so quickly and adroitly that Sullivan's wildest plunges got him nothing except exhausting anger that threatened to strangle him.

The first fears felt by Sullivan's partisans

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

that he had met his match at last in this dancing master who had not yet even attempted to deliver a blow were changed to terror for their friend in the fifth round when, in the midst of a rapid backward flight, Corbett suddenly stopped, feinted with twirling gloves, and stepped in with a curving left hook that crushed the champion's nose. The latter's head bobbed back, and Corbett whipped his right across to the mouth with a soggy impact heard in the farthest tiers of seats.

With blood streaming down his breast and staining the old Roxbury flag twined about his waist, Sullivan bellowed an epithet and threw himself at his tormentor. Corbett decided to take a chance at slugging, but as they went into a clinch John L. brought his clublike right down with such mighty force on Jim's side that his body caved in and his knees sagged. He clung to the champion for a moment, got his bearings, pulled himself loose, and ended the round scudding before the hurricane.

The rounds went on and on, an icy finger touching the heart of every man present as he realized the deadly tactics the challenger was practicing—of tiring out the old warrior while he prepared him for the final slaughter.

Weaker and weaker grew the old Roxbury fighter. Confidence and ever more confidence gleamed in the pitiless eyes of the younger man as he concentrated inexorably on his task, oblivious to the cheers and jeers and screams and oaths and pleadings and roarings which surged through the great hall like a pandemonium.

Short-arm drives to that flabby paunch; long raking left hooks that closed the eyes; right-hand chops that lacerated the lips and tore the nose; uppercuts that started at the knee to end against the bruised and swollen jowls; scientific wrestling in the clinches that made his wind whistle through blubbering mouth; skillful retirements that lured the dazed veteran on and on until his trembling legs were twin columns of pain—all these things did Corbett do that fateful night until John L.'s heart and flesh could stand no more.

SULLIVAN reeled out to the finish his groping mind comprehended was coming in the twenty-first round—and, standing huddled against the ropes, his paralyzed arms only half raised, his thighs quivering and his body on the brink of collapse, the champion lifted his chin for the knockout! It came. Twisting his body to impart to it all the leverage of which he was capable, Corbett let it go—a right glove that came hurtling across five feet of space—and the Old Lion went down and out.

Things took place quickly then. Corbett, breathing deeply, his eyes fastened on the prostrate figure, stepped back. The referee crouched, his arm rising and falling, his voice pronouncing clearly in the silence the fateful, tiny lapses of eternity that we call seconds.

One!

Jack McAuliffe raced around the platform and showered the writhing form on the canvas with iced water from a sponge.

Two!

The spectators stood tensely surveying the tableau, open-mouthed, incredulous, horrified.

Three!

Old Arthur Chambers buried his battered face in his arms on the edge of the ring and sobbed aloud.

Four!

William A. Brady and Billy Delaney stood motionless, staring at the heaving figure on the floor.

Five!

Women, understanding something of the love their menfolk felt for the fallen gladiator, cried softly between their finger tips.

Six!

With a mighty groan, Sullivan struggled on the reddened canvas, raising himself on his hands, his chest leaving the floor for an instant.

Seven!

CORBETT took a quick step forward, but paused as the stricken fighter pitched forward on his face.

Eight!

"Great God Almighty!" a million men whispered half aloud as they stood unbelieving before a thousand bulletin boards strung across the world.

Nine!

"Oh, John, John!" sobbed a woman standing alone on the sidewalk across from a newspaper office in Sharon, Massachusetts. It was Katie Harkins, Sullivan's first love, her hands trembling as they clutched a shawl about her head.

Ten—and out!

The referee straightened up and pointed to Corbett.

Instantly the ring was filled, the new king and Sullivan's weeping seconds hurrying to lift the dethroned champion and carry him to his corner. In a little while consciousness returned and John L. covered his face with his gloves. Then he arose, tottered to the ropes, and stilled the raging multitude with a lifted hand.

"Men," he said hoarsely, swallowing hard to keep his voice even. "Men, I'm sorry I lost. I tried it once too often. But I'm glad an American won the title."

And while Corbett never has neglected to make the heavens ring with his alibi that he was "so old," not yet thirty-four, when he was beaten by Jeffries, twenty-five at the time, yet he has never emphasized the fact that Sullivan was thirty-four and he was twenty-six when they met.

Sullivan was a terrible sight when they led him to his dressing room. His eyes were closed and blackened, his nose was a crimson clot, his lips were puffed and torn, and his body was so bruised and livid that he groaned aloud while they attended to his hurts. He was inconsolable, sobbing and cursing as he prepared for the street.

"CASEY," he said to his trainer, "you should have trained me for a foot race, not a prize fight."

He turned to Wakely and Johnson.

"Boys," he wept, "you and ten thousand other friends have lost their money on tonight's fight. That's what I hate worse than anything. Oh, that rum! I'd have broke Corbett in two with one hand the day I fought Paddy Ryan. But I tried ever since to drink whisky and wine faster'n they could turn it out. What a fool I've been; what a fool! Thank God my parents never lived to see this day."

"Don't cry, John," they said. "You did your best; your friends know that. And with a good rest and cutting out the rum you can still show a lot of 'em what fighting is. We'll stand a tap on our bank rolls any time you start."

"No," he replied, shaking his poor old head. "No. I'm through. I'll never fight again. They won't drag old John L. out again to lose his friends' money. Corbett's too clever for me, and I'm too old to learn the new racket; and he's the only man on earth I'd have any interest in whipping now. No. You've seen my last fight."

He was finally dressed and they started for their hotel. He left them at the door.

"Where are you going?" they asked him.

"Going?" he echoed bitterly. "I'm going out on a bat!"

He went. When Wakely and Johnson saw him staggering into the St. Charles Hotel bar the next noon, after a wild night in the saloons, Charlie said:

"Poor old John! He'll be a bum in a year."

"You're wrong," Wakely replied sadly. "He won't be alive in a year."

The eleventh installment, to appear next week, will include the story of Sullivan's downfall, through drink; his engaging in theatrical enterprises, by which he was enabled to pay back every cent he owed, and his taking the pledge never to touch liquor again; his meeting with Katie Harkins; his divorce from Annie Bates and his marriage to Katie Harkins; his trip to Europe with Jake Kilrain, and his covering of the Jeffries-Johnson fight in Reno, Nevada, for a New York newspaper.

ONLY ONE WEEK IS LEFT TO ENTER

LIBERTY'S GREATEST CONTEST

$50,000 *for* AN IDEA

Suitable for a Story for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

YOU have only until midnight, June 1, to enter Liberty's great competition. That is time enough, however, if you hurry. Liberty is searching for an idea for a story—the best story it is possible to find. When the idea has been chosen by the judges of the contest, the story will be published in Liberty and, in addition, will be filmed as a Paramount picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Liberty's offer is the greatest of its kind ever made.

You do not have to be an experienced writer to compete. All you need to do is to write your idea simply and in your own words. You may write on letter paper and in pen and ink, if you wish. To the person whose idea is judged to be the best, Liberty will pay a fortune in cash. Besides that, the prize winner's fame will be heralded around the world.

The rules are so simple that anyone can comply with them. You will find them at the bottom of this page. Read them, and send in your idea before it is too late.

TOM J. GERAGHTY

is a famous writer of scenarios. His article printed below explains one of the reasons why Liberty does not require finished manuscripts to be entered in its $50,000 contest. Remember, what is wanted is an idea for a story. Send in your idea AT ONCE.

EVERYBODY has an idea for a story. The lives of many of us contain very valuable story ideas. You go frequently to the movies. You know what sort of stories you like to see upon the screen.

To enter Liberty's great contest you do not need to write a finished manuscript, as professional authors are in the habit of doing. All you have to do is to send in an idea for a story—such a story as you like to see upon the screen. A simple statement of your idea is all that is required. The rules of the contest are printed at the bottom of this page. Read them; then sit down tonight and write your idea.

Nobody can say who will win Liberty's great contest. The rules were written especially to give everybody a chance. You have until midnight of June 1 to send in your suggestion. Write it at once, and mail it to STORIES, care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

By TOM J. GERAGHTY

SOMEONE once said that plays are not written—they are rewritten. Scenarios are not only written, rewritten, but rewritten and rewritten, *ad infinitum*. Nearly all the big and distinctive motion picture stars have a different method.

Charlie Chaplin writes his scenarios with a camera. He seldom puts anything on paper. He will conceive a scene, or a series of scenes, then photograph them. This costs him time and money, because he often has to "go back" and make over an early scene which does not jibe with a later one. That's the reason he requires from eight months to a year to finish a picture. It is very tedious and costly, but it is the only way he can work. And he can afford to do it in his own way.

Doug Fairbanks works for weeks and months on his stories, with a staff of writers, but doing most of the mental work himself. He changes situations and characters scores of times before he is ready to say, "Let's go!"

Mary Pickford generally works with her director and one scenario writer. She actually suffers through agonizing days and nights before she is satisfied with her script.

Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton both have a crew of very clever writers and "idea men" who spend weeks preparing their stories. They generally start out with a very slight basic idea and then embellish it from day to day with what they call "gags." (A gag is a stunt, a situation laugh, a mechanical device.)

Several of the other prominent stars, including Tom Meighan and Gloria Swanson, work on their stories with the director and scenario writer. But the usual procedure is this:

The producer, or scenario editor, or both, select the story. The scenario writer and director then read the story—a book, play, short story, or original—and "digest" it for a week or ten days. Then, with the producer and editor, they agree on a general idea of how the story is to be treated.

The scenario writer next writes a "treatment," or detailed synopsis, outlining the story as agreed upon. This treatment averages from thirty to sixty typewritten pages, and if it is satisfactory the writer starts on his scenario.

This is a long, tedious grind of four or five weeks. The work consists of describing every thought, move, and word of the players and what they shall wear, everything to be used in the picture, down to a safety pin on a dresser.

He must also look out that he does not write one superfluous scene, that his characters are introduced and developed properly, that his situations hold interest and build toward a climax—that his drama, pathos, and comedy are properly placed and balanced.

Once in a while a story will come along that needs little, if any, changing. But this is very, very rare. And so, contestants in Liberty's $50,000 contest need have no fear, if they are unable to write well. The experts in the Paramount studios will see that their ideas are put in proper form for use on the screen.

SEND *in* YOUR IDEA *at* ONCE

Here are the rules in Liberty's contest. Be sure to read them carefully. They will tell you exactly how to proceed.

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN. Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less*. By "synopsis" we mean tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William DeMille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation, and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay, or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

A real delight—deliciously flavored—outdoor men find its use

"a sensible habit"

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AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

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A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

PRETTY BEACH FROCKS EASILY MADE *at* HOME

By PATRICIA

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE
SEND TEN CENTS

WITH the call of the outdoors and boat rides, beach parties, walks, and drives, there comes the need for pretty dresses and one must always have a fresh one to wear. Most summer parties are impromptu, so there isn't much time to plan one's clothes ahead. The wise girl or woman will have her summer dresses made by the time the warm days are here. There are so many lovely printed silks, tub silks, pongees, and voiles which can easily be made into adorable dresses at home at little expense, with the aid of these patterns.

A straightline frock that shows distinctive simplicity, made of lustrous crepe de Chine, with effective flower embroidery in wool on patch pockets and collar is designed for pattern No. 2376. Flannel or linen would also be suitable materials. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 2⅞ yards of 32-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting material are required.

The polka dot vogue in pattern No. 2120 is effectively interpreted in a black chiffon frock printed in white, with collar and slot pockets of black crepe de Chine, with four buttons made of the crepe down the front. Flannel, kasha, or the new printed silks could also be used. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅛ yards of 32 or 36-inch material with ⅝ yard of 18-inch white material and ¼ yard of 27-inch black material are required.

One-piece slip-on dress in one of the new, lovely printed silks in polka dot or flowered patterns is designed in pattern No. 2382. Very easily made, having kimono sleeves and round collar. Cotton broadcloth, flowered voile or tub silk, might also be used for its development. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2⅞ yards of 32 or 36-inch material with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material are required.

A beach frock of lovely Amande green flannel with collar and piping of yellow is cleverly designed in pattern No. 2121. Voile, linen, or cotton broadcloth would also be suitable for this little frock. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3 yards of 36-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting material are required.

Red silk with black polka dot is used for an afternoon frock designed in pattern No. 2304, made with black grosgrain ribbon sash and red bone buttons as trimming down the front. This style would also be pretty in plain Shantung, tub silk or flowered voile. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material with 1¼ yards of 32-inch contrasting material and 2 yards of ruffling are required.

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

if you have a boy

do not fail to read

this letter from the mother of these two boys

I AM writing in the interest of two of your Boy Salesmen, Vincent and Bernard Shaughnessy, who are my young sons. This is the boys' first business venture and they are working to make it a success. . . . They applied as salesmen for Liberty before it was published, and have sold it from the first issue, working together. . . . It is a wonderful business training and I can notice a decided improvement in their manner of association with people. I am glad to see that you are taking so strong an interest in your boys, and I know that it encourages them to greater efforts when they feel that the company is behind them. Your booklet—The Liberty Boy Salesman—is most interesting and should be an inspiration to the workers. . . . As their mother, I wish to thank you for your interest in them." *(Mrs. Corita Shaughnessy—New York.)*

Still another mother writes this letter:

"Glen Simpson, one of your boy salesmen, had a very severe operation six years ago and has attended school only eighteen months since. We were given no hope for recovery. We were talking to your manager here and he suggested that Glen get outdoors and sell Libertys. He started out the first of October. He now sells a great many and we all think that Glen is some salesman with his handicap. . . . We feel that Liberty is what started our boy back on his way to health and we will be glad to give it a boost any time." *(Mrs. Howard Simpson—South Dakota.)*

* * *

Aren't these letters really remarkable? But read the whole story—perhaps in it you will discover for *your* son some distinct and desirable advantage.

These letters reveal the fruit of a selling policy Liberty set up in the beginning—a policy that did not selfishly regard its boy salesmen merely as a means for increasing circulation, but a policy infinitely broader and more human. It recognized what beneficial influence might be gained for every boy and this, as may now be seen, was anticipated and carefully cultivated.

So that today, in every city of the country, Liberty is represented by a reliable distributor, who is a responsible supervisor of the Liberty Boy Salesman organization and who was selected only after careful consideration—a man to whom we may safely entrust our boys.

These letters, only two of many, tell their own story of how boys, in addition to earning their own pocket money every week and getting desirable free prizes, are being schooled in the elements of business procedure and responsibility, and how they are being aided in many ways toward building a manly character.

This advertisement is addressed to you with the thought that perhaps *your* boy has a few hours a week which he could put to advantage, like thousands of other Liberty boys. Why not give it your consideration? It asks nothing you would not wish him to do, and it may be the means of solving some problem now before you. We shall be glad to send all particulars upon receipt of the coupon—frankly it will amaze you to learn just what the Liberty Boy Salesman organization is doing for thousands of boys throughout the country. Send this coupon today in the interest of *your* boy.

MAIL FOR FULL INFORMATION

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

HIGH TONES, PAINTED FABRICS IN VOGUE

by Corinne Lowe

AFTERNOON affairs will be highly colorful this spring and summer, reflecting the prevalence of the trend to both pastel and high tones. The vogue for colors is indicated in the newest afternoon models. While black and beige are well represented, bois de rose is seen side by side with such reds as pomegranate; ethereal blues are found in the society of intense tones like stained glass windows, and willow greens don't need to hang their heads just because jade happens to be near.

Aside from the range of colorings in the plain fabrics, one must not overlook the tremendous vogue for printed crepes and chiffons sustained from last summer. Added to these prints, too, we find this year a frenzy for hand-painted materials. In both dance and afternoon gowns this latter fad is just about the most fashionable thing one can do.

A PRINTED crepe afternoon frock with ingenious apron front. The yoke effect is influential this season. Also an afternoon frock of black Canton faille with three dice topping a long black silk tassel.

All sorts of cubist designs make their appearance on these painted materials. So do birds and flying fishes and Japanese landscapes. In fact, we are not particular about how we paint the frock—just so we paint it.

Among the tones used as a relief from our more colorful moods are various amber and blonde tints. These are especially successful in laces which, by the way, continue to exert the same old influence upon our afternoons.

Another salient of the present mode is the presence of long tailored sleeves in charming, tinted frocks of crepe and chiffon. The vogue of such afternoon sleeves is presented in the top sketches on this page.

But the fitted model reaching to the wrist is only one symptom of our mental state. There are the peasant types and the ones with bell-like flounces and the graceful modes with long flying draperies attached to the cuff.

As to other details of finish we find an emphasis on tassels, which make their appearance either singly or in groups; on jabots, usually of material contrasting to the frock, and on ingenious interpretations of the scarf collar. There is a great deal of eyelet work lavished on some of the smart French models and at the lower right we show this in an imported afternoon gown of amber-colored crepe which is treated to an all-over design of eyelet work.

Although the cape-back is on a partial vacation, it does make its appearance on some of the spring models. Also does the cape figure quite frequently as a substitute for the coat in the ensemble costume. As to this latter phenomenon, it cannot be discouraged from following us any more than can our shadow. Usually the accompanying coat is long, but there exist some youthful short-coat ensembles such as we illustrate at the lower left.

A YOUTHFUL afternoon ensemble is carried out in bois de rose ribbed silk combined with crepe in slightly lighter tint.

THE use of eyelet embroidery is exemplified here in a frock of amber crepe covered with a design in this work.

A Page *of* Movie Reviews *by Alva Taylor*

SMOULDERING FIRES

Story by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgings

Directed by Clarence Brown A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

Jane Vale ..... *Pauline Frederick*
Dorothy ..... *Laura La Plante*
Robert Elliott ..... *Malcolm McGregor*
Scotty ..... *Tully Marshall*
Lucy ..... *Wanda Hawley*

Laura La Plante, Malcolm McGregor, and Pauline Frederick in *Smouldering Fires*

JANE VALE owned and ran a factory, was forty years old, and had never had a love affair. Robert Elliott was a young foreman in Miss Vale's factory. Jane and Robert get married. Jane had a sister Robert's age. Robert saw her too late, after he had pledged himself to Jane. But things have a way of adjusting themselves—in the movies.

Pauline Frederick makes of this picture an excellent dramatic bit of screen entertainment which is well worth your while seeing. She is Jane Vale, whose smouldering fires of love flame up in response to youth, only to be turned to ashes. Laura La Plante makes a pretty and pleasing younger sister to Miss Frederick.

The story is not unconvincing, and you may find much in it that makes a satisfying film.

The WAY *of a* GIRL

Story by Katherine Newlin Burt

Directed by R. Vignola A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Rosamond ..... *Eleanor Boardman*
George ..... *Matt Moore*
Brand ..... *William Russell*
Matt ..... *Mathew Betz*

Matt Moore

ROSAMOND was a girl who wanted her way to such an extent that she spent a night in jail, was mixed up in a police raid, plunged down a mountain side in an automobile, fell into a roaring torrent that only a moving picture actress could survive, was captured by two murderers and held captive in a lonely cave, and, finally, was nearly buried alive by an avalanche.

Eleanor Boardman plays this willful young lady who leads her fiance a merry chase throughout the picture. Outside of a certain amount of humor and a general breeziness of touch. the picture hasn't a great deal of merit. The story is not very substantial, but is well directed and at least is not taken seriously. You could do worse than see this one.

Eleanor Boardman

MEN *and* WOMEN

From the Play of
David Belasco and Henry C. DeMille

Directed by Wm. DeMille A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Will Prescott ..... *Richard Dix*
Agnes Prescott ..... *Claire Adams*
Ned Seabury ..... *Neil Hamilton*
Marco Culman ..... *Robert Edeson*
Arnold Kirke ..... *Henry Stephenson*
Kate ..... *Flora Finch*

Claire Adams and Neil Hamilton in *Men and Women*

MEN AND WOMEN is called, in a title flashed near its opening, a story with no hero, heroine, or villain, but just men and women—real persons, in other words. While the leading characters do not depict men and women in ordinary walks of life, the parts are done with artistry and admirable screen effect.

Richard Dix, the star of the picture, does excellent work in his endeavor to make the part live, although his efforts are handicapped by scenario limitations. He plays the husband who stands by while his richer friend tries to steal the affections of his wife by showering her with beautiful gowns, and providing her with a constant round of dancing parties.

Neil Hamilton is the young man who casually announces to the husband, one day, that he loves his friend's wife, and intends to win her with the luxuries he can give her. But he is careful to emphasize, throughout the unreeling of the entire film, the fact that he intends to marry her. Claire Adams, who has done notable work in such recent productions as The Wheel and The Devil's Cargo, is the wife who seems to be very much of a fool.

GRASS

A Motion Picture of a Happening Recorded by
Merian C. Cooper Ernest B. Schoedsack
and Marguerite E. Harrison

A Paramount Picture

ONE of the most pungent criticisms leveled against motion pictures is that it mirrors life so closely that the stagey and sometimes utterly ridiculous things which

Ernest B. Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper in *Grass*

the camera is forced to photograph assay about two per cent truth to the thousand foot reel. On the other hand, when the cameras are set up to record one of those magnificent and apparently unheroic battles for existence that man still stages in some far corners of the world, the result is a startling and dramatic piece of life that can hold up its head in company with the best that literature, the stage, and the canvas have to offer.

There are no set situations in Grass. The three explorers, Merian C. Cooper, Ernest B. Schoedsack, and Marguerite E. Harrison, simply took their cameras to a remote part of Persia and photographed what goes on there every six months, when the grass dries up and the Baktiari must move on to pastures new.

The photography itself is tremendous in the scope and the barren beauty it depicts. The utter desolation and ruggedness of the bare rock-strewn plains, with the treeless, magnificent snow-capped mountains rising in the background, is unlike anything you have ever seen before on the screen.

The drama of the picture is no less stupendous than the photography. The struggle for existence put up by fifty thousand Persians is one of the most primitive sights you have seen. With no boats, with nothing but goat skins blown up, they cross a wide river of glacial water, whose swift current carries many of the animals to death at each migration.

And when all this has been conquered these tribespeople settle down in a fertile valley of green grass and plenty until this, too, withers and they must once again tear down their tents and migrate.

Grass is a picture you should not miss.

NEXT WEEK *Miss Taylor will review A Kiss in the Dark, produced by Paramount; Man and Maid, by Metro-Goldwyn; The Charmer, a Paramount picture with Pola Negri, and I Want My Man, released by First National.*

Melbourne Spur Photo.

Let the Wedding Bells Ring Out

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo.

LILA LEE (upper right) and James Kirkwood (lower left) have been quite independent of each other on the screen, although they both keep busy on the Paramount lot. Mrs. Kirkwood has been seen recently with Thomas Meighan in Comin' Through, her first picture since the arrival of a small Kirkwood.

IN SOME HOLLYWOOD FAMILIES professional honors must be divided, and there is doubtless plenty of rivalry between mother and father, such as a jealous comparing of notes as to whose morning supply of fan mail is the fattest.

DOROTHY DWAN (upper left hand corner) and Larry Semon (lower right) are one married couple of the screen who have played opposite each other and are still happily married. But when Dorothy finished The Wizard of Oz, in which she plays with her husband, she left him—professionally only. She's going to be in serious drammer from now on.

Cutting Down *the* Food Costs

for Fuel and Energy Nutrients

Concluding Article of a Three-Part Series

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

A well-balanced diet must be complete. Economize within each group.

* Food Groups for Different Purses

GROUP 3—CEREALS

Least Expensive:	Medium Priced:	Most Expensive:
Bread up to 11c a pound.	*Bread at 12c a pound.*	*Prepared cereals in packages at 20c or more a pound.*
Wheat flour.	*Macaroni at 17c a pound.*	
Corn meal.	*Rice at 15c a pound.*	
Hominy.		
Oatmeal.		

GROUP 4—SUGARS

Sugar.	*Maple sugar at 18c a pound.*	*Maple sirup over 50c a quart.*
Molasses up to 38c a quart.	*Table sirups at 30c a quart.*	*Most jellies and marmalades when purchased.*
Raisins up to 18c a pound.	*Marmalades and jellies made at home.*	*Honey at 22c or more a pound.*

GROUP 5—FATS

Table and cooking fats up to 39c a pound.	*Butter up to 70c a pound.*	*Olive oil at $1.50 a quart.*
Cooking oils up to 75c a quart.	*Bacon up to 50c a pound.*	*Butter over 70c a pound.*
	Chocolate up to 55c a pound.	*Heavy cream at 70c a quart.*

* Home Economics Division, United States Department of Agriculture.

EVERY muscular motion of the body, whether it be voluntary or involuntary—even to the winking of one's eye—requires the expenditure of a certain amount of driving power, or energy. This energy must be obtained from our food. Energy foods furnish the body with heat, also; so let us, therefore, call these fuel foods.

Grouping our foods according to nutrients, or their uses in the body, we may say that we depend chiefly upon group three for its starch to be used as fuel in the body—although, in addition, cereals furnish some minerals and some body regulating substances. Group four furnishes fuel alone—although in addition, sugar flavors enhance the diet. Group five furnishes both fuel and flavor and improves food texture as well. All foods eaten from groups three, four, and five, then are fuel foods—sources of energy.

As a source of energy, the cereal group is by far the cheapest, although the body can utilize all kinds of foods for energy. Cereals supply more body nutriment per cent expended than any other kind of food. A diet of cereal alone, however, is not a safe one as, of course, it is not complete.

A well-balanced diet must necessarily be a complete diet. Every one of the five food groups must be represented. If one wishes to economize one must do it within each group, rather than by selecting an inexpensive food from one group as a substitute for an expensive one from another. A meal of potatoes, bread, and rice is cheap but not wholesome; whereas, a meal of prunes, milk, and bread, or potatoes, or rice, is both cheap and wholesome.

In general, a diet for an adult will be well-balanced if it contains one serving of green vegetable a day; one serving of some other vegetable than potatoes; fruit twice a day; meat or fish once a day, with some milk daily, and egg occasionally; cereal once a day; and in addition, as much bread, potato, sugars, and fats as the normal appetite demands. Whether or not your appetite is normal in this respect can best be judged by watching the scales.

Plain Bread Pudding

2 cups milk
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter
3 to 4 tablespoons sugar
1 or 2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla, or
½ teaspoon nutmeg

SCALD the milk and add the bread crumbs, or small bits of bread. Let this stand until the crumbs are soft, then add the remaining ingredients. Pour this mixture into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water, and bake slowly until firm and well browned in a slow oven (325° F.). Cover only for the first fifteen minutes of baking. Serve hot or cold with cream, or hard chocolate, or vanilla sauce.

FRUITED BREAD PUDDING may be made by adding three tablespoons of cooked currants or one-half to one cup chopped, cooked prunes or raisins, or by using one-fourth cup jelly in place of the sugar called for in the recipe.

BREAD PUDDING DE LUXE may be made by topping the baked pudding with marshmallows, or meringue made from one stiffly beaten egg white, plus one-fourth cup powdered sugar, and browning in a slow oven (275° F.), or by topping with apple foam.

Apple Foam

1 beaten egg white
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
½ cup scraped raw apple

BEAT the sugar into the stiff egg whites. Then fold in the fruit pulp, place on the baked bread pudding and bake until firm in a moderate oven (375° F.). Serve hot or cold.

Blueberry Bread Pudding

1 cup blueberries
¾ cup juice
1½ cups crumbs
½ cup sugar

WASH and pick over one pint of blueberries. Add the sugar and stew gently until tender. Measure one cup of the drained berries and three-fourths cup of juice. Combine the ingredients and bake in a slow oven (325° F.) until firm. Serve warm with whipped cream.

Apple Brown Betty

¼ to ½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup of stale bread crumbs
1½ cups chopped apple
2 tablespoons water
1½ tablespoons of lemon juice
1 teaspoon of grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon butter

MIX the sugar, spices, and salt, using the larger quantity of sugar if the apples are tart. Place a layer of one-third of the crumbs in a buttered baking dish, then one-half the apple, then sprinkle on one-half the sugar mixture. Repeat. Mix the water, lemon juice and rind, and pour this over the pudding mixture. Cover the first twenty-five minutes and bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven (380° F.). Serve hot, or very cold, with hard sauce.

Orange Jell-O

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WE Americans have a way with desserts that is all our own. It is an Anglo-Saxon trait to eat a heavy pie or pudding that is a meal in itself after a hearty dinner; and we alone of all people discourage the flow of gastric juices by generous servings of frozen ices and creams as a last course. The ideal dessert is one that is light, not too sweet, delicate and not an added burden to digestion; a dainty, for a gracious "farewell," not a substantial course.

Dishes that have gelatine as a basis have just these characteristics. They melt in the mouth, they are chilled without being frozen, solid without being hard, and they furnish nutrition in the way of protein and sugars, supplemented by the whipped cream or fruit that is added to them. Plain or with cream, they make an ideal dessert for children, giving a sweet taste without an undue amount of sugar.

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JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

A beautiful Jell-O Book which describes the many uses of Jell-O in desserts and salads mailed free on request.

The American offices of The Jell-O Company, Inc., are at LeRoy, N. Y., in the beautiful Genesee Valley Country.

Today—all your clothes deserve the care you give to fine fabrics—

FOR years and years your darling blouses, your exquisite hosiery in its myriad shades, your filmy lingeries—have been like new again after each washing!

Silk sweaters, fresh and unstretched, at the end of the season—costly little sports suits with their flannel soft and unshrunken—Lux took care of them all!

Today that same good Lux works its magic with *all* your laundry. For nowadays every single thing of yours that's washable is so nice it simply cannot be trusted to ordinary soap!

Today your gay little house dresses, your sweet muslin underclothes, the children's darling little ginghams, bright as Easter eggs, your nice sheets and fine, monogrammed towels—*all* must go into plentiful, softly cleansing Lux suds! These sparkling suds keep the colored pieces so fresh and unfaded, the sheets and towels so snowy white! Everything is like new again.

And with even everyday things so expensive nowadays, they just have to be taken care of. And how faithfully they wear when you use Lux! Each fibre is so tenderly cleansed by Lux—cottons and linens respond to this just as much as woolens and silks.

So little Lux will do your biggest wash —do you realize?

A whole tub brimming with swirling, cleansing suds—plentiful, thorough Lux suds that foam softly through each fibre of the garment you dip lightly in and out—all from that little bit of Lux you use!

You know what amazing suds even a speck of Lux has always given you! That's why Lux is so economical for your laundry — you really need so little.

And your hands—everyone who uses Lux knows how blessed its velvet suds are after stinging kitchen soap! Lux leaves your hands sweet and soft. Lux won't harm anything pure water alone won't harm. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Sports Clothes of Silks and fine Woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a washbowl of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel—when nearly dry press with warm—never hot—iron.

To wash blankets, 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water for rich, live suds, necessary. Dissolve Lux thoroughly, whisk thick lather, cool to lukewarm. Press suds through soiled spots—*never rub*. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters. If possible let blankets drip dry—it makes them fluffier. Never twist them. To avoid stretching, hang blanket double, lengthwise, pinning at regular intervals.

Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

Now the Big New Package too

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it